

Frontispice.



MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE and VERSE:

CONSISTING OF

Dramatic Pieces, POEMS, HUMOROUS
TALES, FABLES, &c.

Under the Following Heads :

I. VANQUISH'D LOVE : Or,
the JEALOUS QUEEN.

II. The RIVAL NYMPHS :
Or, the MERRY SWAIN.

III. INNOCENCE BE-
TRAY'D : Or, the ROY-
AL IMPOSTOR.

IV. LOVE TRIUMPHANT :
Or, the RIVAL GOD-
DESSES.

V. Three Select Scenes
of the celebrated GUA-
RINI'S PASTOR FI-
DO, in *Italian* and
English.

VI. Select ÆSOPIAN TALES,
in Prose and Verse pa-
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from *Phædrus*, *Cambray*,
and Others.

Delectando pariterque monendo.

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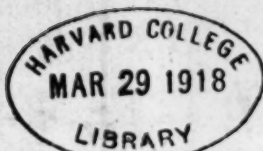
Sometime since of *St. John's College, Oxford*.

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TO
Mrs HANNAH WOOD,
GOVERNESS
OF THE
YOUNG LADIES BOARDING SCHOOL
AT
St. EDMUND'S BURY,
IN THE
County of *SUFFOLK*;
THESE
MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS
ARE,

With all due Respect, inscribed

BY

Her very affectionate Friend,

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The RIVAL NYMPHS : Or, the MERRY SWAIN.

INNOCENCE BETRAY'D : *Or, the ROYAL IMPOSTOR.*

LOVE TRIUMPHANT : *Or, the RIVAL GODDESSES.*

Three Select Scenes of the celebrated GUARINI's Pastor
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VANQUISH'D LOVE:
OR, THE
JEALOUS QUEEN.
A
Dramatic Entertainment.

As it was PERFORM'D

By the *Young* LADIES of Mrs. BELLAMY'S
School, with the general Approbation of
their Friends.

*Sure none would to forbidden Pleasures rove,
That ever knew the Sweets of virtuous Love.*



L O N D O N.
Printed for the AUTHOR.
M DCC XL.



PROLOGUE.



*S Plants, while tender, bend which Way you
please,
And are, tho' Crooked first, made Straight with
Ease;
Yet if those Plants to their full Stature
grow*

*Irregular, they'll break before they'll bow:
So Youth, set right at first, with Ease go on,
And each new Task is with new Pleasure done;
But if neglected till they grow in Years,
And each fond Mother her dear Darling spares,
Error becomes habitual, and you'll find,
'Tis then hard Labour to reform the Mind.*

*Judge then, what Care Our Master's forc'd to take,
To examine every Word before we speak:
To weigh each Thought, and see the Sense is chaste,
And inoffensive to the nicest Taste:
At the same Time to find out something New,
Something to entertain both us and you;
Something our Emulation to excite,
And give Instruction whilst it gives Delight.*

*The Scenes to-night, which we present to View,
Great ADDISON (Great Britain's CENSOR) drew:
From his Fair Rosamond our Drama's wrote,
And tho' New-Christen'd, yet He form'd the Plot.
Our Master owns he took his Scheme from thence,
Vary'd indeed his Numbers, not his Sense;
Alter'd to flowing Verse his tuneful Songs,
And made them easy to our artless Tongues.
In short---(and that's the most that can be said)
He shews you ADDISON in Masquerade.*

*What little Merit may be thought OUR Due,
Is left to be determin'd now by YOU.
To you, fair Judges, we submit our Cause,
Yet hope for your Indulgence and Applause.*

Persons



Persons Names.

M E N.

King Henry.
Cordelio, Page to Queen Eleanor.
Messenger.

W O M E N.

Queen Eleanor.
Rosamond.
Henrietta, } *Attendants on Queen Eleanor.*
and }
Chlos, }
Violante, } *Attendants on Rosamond.*
and }
Florella, }

Guardian Angels, &c.

S C E N E, *Woodstock Park.*



VANQUISH'D LOVE:
OR, THE
JEALOUS QUEEN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Prospect of Woodstock Park.

Enter *Queen, Cordelio, Henrietta, Chloris, and other Attendants.*

QUEEN.



OME near, *Cordelio* :---What a Prospect's
here !

What lovely Scenes before our Eyes ap-
pear !

Hark, how the Birds their amorous Descants sing,

As if they dwelt in an Eternal Spring ?

When I survey this beauteous Place around,

Methinks I tread on some enchanted Ground,

Where *New Elysiums* charm my ravish'd Sight,

And with their wild Variety delight.

B 3

Here,

Here, flow'ry Mountains, there, thick shady Woods;
 Here, mossy Banks, and there, soft purling Floods;
 Here, hollow Vaults resound each Step I take,
 And there, a thousand *Echoes* round me speak.
 From Hill to Hill the trembling Voice is tost,
 And not the softest Word, or Whisper's lost.

Cord. Madam, 'tis here the *World's* great Beauty lies,
 That sooths your *Henry's* Heart, and charms his Eyes:
 Within this Bower *Fair Rosamond* resides,
 Secur'd from You, and all Mankind besides.

Queen. Curse on the fatal Name! Curse on the Grove!
 I burn, I die, with Jealousy and Love.

Hen Within this Bow'r the *pensive Nymph* does mourn,
 And languishes for her lov'd Lord's Return.
 Her restless Thoughts like tumbling Surges roll,
 And thence disclose the Secrets of her Soul.
 Now anxious Fears, now rising Hopes come on;
 But soon the Prospect like a Shadow's gone.
 The two Extremes possess her Soul by turns,
 And her fond Heart each Moment chills, and burns.

Queen. She has rous'd a raging Lion in my Breast,
 Which till the *Traitress* dies, shall never rest.

Chlo. Like dying Birds her panting Bosom swells,
 And every Motion her warm Passion tells.
 To that soft Nest your *Henry* will repair,
 And in her Arms forget the Toils of War.
 On that dear Pillow breathe his am'rous Pray'rs,
 And amply make amends for all her Cares.

Queen. Trifler no more.---My Vengeance is too
 slow--- [to *Cordelio*]
 Lead me, I charge you, (if the Way you know)
 To the blest Mansion of my *Lovely* Foe.

My

Or, the JEALOUS QUEEN. 7

My Wrath like that of angry Heav'n shall rise,
And blast her tho' she dwells in *Paradise*.

Cord. Madam, the Bow'r's on yonder rising Ground,
That runs and wanders an eternal Round.

Queen. Unhappy I, in such a Maze do rove,
Lost in the Labyrinth of endless Love !

My anxious Breast with hoarded Vengeance burns,
While Fears and Hopes possess my Soul by turns.

Cord. The winding Path yon verdant Field divides,
Which to the *Fair One*'s soft Confinement guides.

Queen. Oh ! *Eleonora*, think, and think betimes,
Upon the Nature of *thy Rival*'s Crimes.

What has she done to raise thy Rage so high ?

What has she done, that she deserves to die ?

My Heart recoils, and fain would be at Ease.

But---Is not she the Murdres of my Peace ?---

Doesn't she warm with the most guilty Fires

The dearest Object of my chaste Desires ?

Have not her subtle Arts and fatal Charms

Remov'd my faithless *Henry* from my Arms ?--

I'm all on fire again---she dies, she dies,--

'Tis Crime enough to have such conqu'ring Eyes--

---Yet hold---methinks I feel my Heart relent ;

The *Fair One* could not well be innocent.

What *Vestal Virgin* would not soon resign

To such a Lover, such a Prince as mine ?

To One so great, and One so truly brave,

The *Proudest Nymph* might well become a *Slave*.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets sounding at a Distance.*]

Cord. Hark, Madam, hark ! what Sounds invades my
Ear !

The awful Conqueror's Approach is near.

Hen.

Hen. He comes, he comes, *Victorious Henry* comes ;
I hear his Martial Trumpets, Flutes, and Drums ;
Which joined in Concert echo from afar,
Fill every Wind, and beat a Point of War.

Queen. *Henry* returns, 'tis true, from Danger free,
My Lord returns, but not alas ! to me.
He comes his beauteous *Rosamond* to greet,
And lay his warlike Trophies at her Feet !
His ardent Vows impatient to renew,
His ardent Vows to *Eleonora* due !
Shall then Fair *Rosamond* my Lord detain,
While I his Absence mourn, and mourn in vain ?
Oh, no ! my Heart will break—— it is decreed——
The *fatal Beauty* shall this Moment bleed.
No Fear, no Horror shall my Soul alarm,
No soothing Pity shall my Rage disarm ;
But to her Cost the *Traytreſs* ſoon ſhall know,
What 'tis a *Queen*, provok'd like me, can do.

[*She goes out in Disorder, her Attendants following after.*]

SCENE II.

The Grove before the Bower.

Enter *Rosamond* with an *Ovid* in her Hand, attended by
Violante and *Florella*. She walks and reads *Dido's*
Complaint of *Eneas*.

Eneas is my Thoughts perpetual Theme,
Their daily Longing, and their nightly Dream ;
Yet he is ungrateful and obdurate ſtill :
Fool that I am to place my Heart ſo ill ! &c.

Rſ. **W**HO can, Fair *Queen*, thy ſoft Complainingſ
hear,
And not be mov'd, not ſhed a pitying Tear ?

My

My Griefs alas ! too much reſemble thine ;

Æneas is thy Torment, *Henry* mine.

Æneas wounds thee with his cold Diſdain,

And *Henry*'s Abſence gives me equal Pain.

[*Here ſhe gives Violante the Book and goes on.*

From Walk to Walk, from gloomy Shade to Shade,

From purling Stream to purling Stream convey'd,

Thro' all the winding Mazes of the Grove,

Reſtleſs I range o'erwhelm'd with Grief and Love.

O! where for Eaſe ſhall *Rofamonda* fly ?

If *Henry* ſtays much longer I ſhall die.

Viol. Dear Madam, do not thus indulge your Woe ;

In vain your Tears like tumbling Surges flow.

To ſooth your Griefs your Sighs all fruitleſs prove ;

They only aggravate the Pangs of Love.

Was *Henry* falſe, and lov'd another more,

Juſtly you might your *Rival*'s Charms deplore ;

But ſurely without Cauſe you mourn your Fate,

Since *Henry* is as Conſtant as he's Great.

Rof. I grant it true, yet ſtill he is not here,

And I, alas ! his Abſence cannot bear ;

Each Moment, *Violante*, ſeems a Year.

O! that indulgent *Morpheus* would ariſe,

And with ſoft Slumbers cloſe my wearied Eyes !

Some Reſt, though but imaginary, give !

For 'tis a Pain without my Love to live.

Flor. Though Love's the ſoſteſt Bleſſing of our Lives,

The nobleſt Paſſion that a Soul conceives ;

Yet was *that Love* but one continued Joy,

Twou'd pall upon our Hands, and quickly cloy.

Our Senſe of Pleaſure is not half ſo great,

If nothing interrupts our peaceful State ;

If

10 VANQUISH'D LOVE :

If no small Cares, no Troubles intervene ;

If 'tis all Sun-Shine, if 'tis all serene.

A gentle Breeze adds Beauty to the Floods,
And the Sky's gayest when 'tis mixt with Clouds.

Viol. The Palm-Tree, Madam, by Oppression grows,
And amidst Thorns the best of Flow'rs, the Rose.
Your *Henry's* Absence will inflame him more,
Add Wings to his Desires, his Love secure.

Ros. Sure adverse Winds have with my Stars combin'd,

To ruin my Content, my Peace of Mind !
Resolv'd, with Force united, to divide
What Love, and all our Vows so strongly ty'd !

Perhaps I ne'er shall see my *Henry* more :
Perhaps he's shipwreckt on some distant Shore :
That Thought confounds me, drives me to Despair ;
That Shock's too great for my fond Heart to bear.

Fior. Blame not the Winds which now your Lord detain ;

Those Winds may turn, may blow him back again,
And doubly recompence your present Pain :
Nor blame the Stars for his too long Delay,
Or think that they unite their partial Sway
To interrupt your Loves ; or Fears create,
To make your mutual Joys the less compleat.
Sometimes the Stars themselves will lose their Light,
Be all obscur'd by the thick Shades of Night ;
Yet soon those Shades to distant Regions glide,
And then they triumph, and resume their Pride.
The same Vicissitude all Nature shares,
Dies, and revives, looks gay, or gloomy like the Stars.

Viol. The Winter Blasts deform our rural Seat,
And drive the Turtle from his constant Mate ;

Cause

Or, the JEALOUS QUEEN. II

Cause a long Separation, make him rove,
Forlorn, and mournful through the leafless Grove :
But when returning Spring the Shades renews,
With Pleasure he the verdant Trees reviews ;
His former Solitude bemoans no more,
But bills and cooes more closely than before.

Ros. I thank you for your Council and your Love ;
But all your Arguments, tho' strong, will prove
Too weak a Charm my Sorrows to remove. }
Nothing, alas ! can e'er assuage my Pain,
Till *Henry* comes to my Embrace again.

Flor. Let not Despair thus wreck your tender Breast
I'll sing, and tune your tortur'd Soul to Rest.
Since all our Words have lost their Pow'r to please,
Musick perhaps may give your Sorrows Ease.
Musick has Charms, I've heard, to soften Rocks,
To temper Brutes, and bend the knotted Oaks ;
To make the worst of Foes the dearest Friends,
And mitigate the Tortures of the Fiends.

Viol. When in Times past the *Royal Hebrew's* Breast
Glow'd with Revenge, with anxious Cares oppress'd,
The *Young Jessæan* tun'd his Harp so well,
The *Monarch's* Passion in a Moment fell :
His gloomy Thoughts were on a sudden gone,
Like dreary Mists at the approaching Sun.
The charming Sounds soon gave his Sorrows Ease,
And all was Harmony, and all was Peace.

Flor. So when of Old kind *Orpheus* did repair }
To the dark Shades of Night and black Despair,
To seek the *Darling of his Heart*, and found her there ;
In *Pluto's* Presence strait his Lyre he strung,
Tuneful he play'd, and tunefully he sung.

12 VANQUISH'D LOVE:

The *sullen* God, regardless of his Pains,
Listen'd with Pleasure to his moving Strains ;
Approv'd his Musick, and his Voice so well,
That he releas'd *Eurydice* from Hell.

Ros. Well then, since Musick has such Pow'r to
charm,

To sooth the Mournful, and the Fierce disarm,
Why should its Power on me alone be lost ?
Why should not I its equal Virtues boast ?
Begin, I'll listen to thy tuneful Strains,
They'll sure diminish, if not heal my Pains.

[*Rosamond seats herself in an easy Chair,
whilst Florella sings the following SONG.*

THE CONSOLATION.

I.

*The Pains which Absence does create,
True Lovers only know :
Cupid's a Tyrant, and delights
To aggravate their Woe.*

II.

*But at the last the God relents,
And the fond Couple meet :
Their former Separation makes
Their present Joys more sweet.*

III.

*So when the Waves like Mountains rise,
And Clouds condense the Sky,
The tim'rous Sailor trembling stands,
And thinks his Fate is nigh.*

IV. *But*

Or, the JEALOUS QUEEN. 13

IV.

*But when the Sun with Magick Pow'r
Dispels those Mists away ;
When the rough Ocean's lull'd asleep,
And all around looks gay :*

V.

*Unmindful of his former Fears,
He boldly ventures on :
The Pleasures of the present Calm
For the past Storm atone.*

After the SONG Rosamond rises.

Ros. Thanks to my Friends: Methinks my Griefs
are gone ;

Vanish'd like Stars before the rising Sun.

Farewel: —I'll now retire within the Bow'r,

And wait with Patience for the happy Hour,

When the kind Winds shall waft my *Henry* o'er,

And Land my *Lover* safe on *Albion's* Shore.

[She goes out, Florella follows her.]

SCENE. III.

Violante alone. Martial Musick is heard at a Distance.

Viol. **W**HAT Musick's that ? what grateful Sound
invades

My Ears, and echoes through the winding Shades ?

'Tis *HENRY's* fav'rite *March*, the Tune I know :

A *Messenger* at least ! It must be so.

C

SCEN

SCENE IV.

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. GREAT Henry comes with ardent Love oppressed,

You must prepare to lodge the Royal Guest.

Viol. The Bow'r and Lady both are ready drest,
Fit to receive so great, so good a Guest.

Mef. Soon as the British Shores the Victor reach'd,
With speed his foaming Courser hither stretch'd:
And see ! he comes ; his eager Steps prevent
The very Message which himself hath sent.

SCENE V.

Enter King Henry, after a Flourish of Trumpets.

King WHERE is my Love, the Queen of my Desires ?

The dearest Partner of my softest Fires ?
My Heart's impatient of the least Delay,
And every Moment seems a lazy Day.

Viol. Within yon Grove the pensive Fair does mourn,
And languishes all Day for your Return.
In vain I strive to tune her Soul to Rest ;
Nothing will please till with her Monarch blest.
Your Presence only can her Joys restore ;
No Eyes, but those that wound the Fair, can cure.

King. Was ever Nymph so fair, so true, so fond ?
Was ever Angel like my Rosamond ?

With

Or, the JEALOUS QUEEN. 15

With every Charm adorn'd, and every Grace,
With endless Pleasure I her Beauties trace,
And my fond Heart springs to her soft Embrace.

Viol. The Sight of you will soon the *Fair* revive,
And to her Charms a double Lustre give.

King. Well then! with Speed I'll to the Grove repair:
For, oh! I own my Bliss all centers there.
There will I shine like the great *God of Day*,
And dissipate, like Clouds, her Cares away.

[Turns to his Guards.]

Mean while, I charge you, with Attention wait,
To guard the *Bow'r*, and watch the outward Gate.
Let neither Envy, Grief, nor idle Fear,
Nor any Love-sick Jealousy appear;
Nor senseless Pomp, nor noisy Crowds intrude
On this *Recess*, this grateful *Solitude*:
But Pleasures only reign through all the Grove,
And all around be Peace, and all be Love.

The End of the First ACT.





ACT II. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Middle of the Bower.

Enter King, Rosamond, Violante, Florella, Guards, and other Attendants.

KING.



HUS let my weary Soul at length forget
The anxious Pleasures that attend the Great,
Conquest and Glory let the Warrior prize,
And softer Charms with haughty Pride
despise;

Arms and the dusty Field I'll seek no more:
Thy lovely Eyes have Arbitrary Power.

Ros. Thus let me live retir'd, of thee possess,
Thou best of Partners, and of Princes best.
Thy Presence only can my Fears controul,
Heal my unquiet Mind, and tune my Soul.

King. Not *British* Shouts that rend the vaulted Sky,
Not bloody Plains where hostile Colours fly,
Not the *Gauls* Trumpets sounding a Retreat,
Not thousand Captives prostrate at my Feet,
Give half those Transports that possess my Breast,
While thus I'm with my lovely Charmer blest.

Ros. With Ease, alas! we credit what we love.
But will my dearest *Henry* never rove?
From his dear Bosom shall I ne'er be torn?
Ne'er live again forsaken and forlorn?

Will

Or, the JEALOUS QUEEN. 17

Will he be only, be forever mine?
 Shall neither Time nor Age our Souls disjoin?
 Shall no *New Beauty* his fond Heart surprise,
 And make him own the Triumph of her Eyes?

King. Hear solemn *Jove*, and conscious *Venus* hear,
 And thou bright Maid believe me whilst I swear;
 No Time, no Change, no future Flame shall move
 The well-placed Basis of my lasting Love.
 Should all thy Charms to wrinkled Age give way,
 Should Sickness make thy Graces all decay,
 Thy coral Lips forsake their charming Red,
 Thy Cheeks look pale, and Life it self seem fled;
 Yet so much Goodness would be left behind,
 As would oblige me to be ever kind.
 For when those Eyes have once a Conquest won,
 The Captive must their Pow'r forever own.

Ros. Pardon the Thought; I own 'twas rash and vain,
 A false Idea, and a fanfy'd Pain.
 Henceforth I'll all my future Hours employ,
 Subservient only to my *Henry's* Joy;
 Henceforth I'll from my Heart all Doubts remove,
 And think myself more happy in thy Love,
 Than *Juno* in the soft Embrace of *Jove*. }

King. Forever blest be *Cytherea's* Shrine:
 May Fires eternal on her Altars shine!
 Since so much Truth in *Rosamonda's* found;
 Since in her Kindness my Ambition's crown'd;
 Since by each tender Look, each Thought, I see
 Her Joys and Sorrows center all in me.
 And sure I am, I wouldn't change this Hour,
 For all the Pomp, and all the Pride of Pow'r.

Ros. Oh! I could ever hear thy charming Tongue,
 ('Thy Voice is sweeter than the *Siren's* Song)
 And never think the happy Hours too long. }

18 VANQUISH'D LOVE:

No Woman sure was e'er so truly blest,
Nor of so great a Monarch's Heart possess'd,

King. No Prince was e'er so happy sure, to find
A Maid so beauteous and so wondrous kind.

Oh! may our present Happiness endure,
From Fortune, Time, and envious Death secure!

Ros. Oh! may this Harmony forever last,
And every Hour prove happier than the past!

King. Trumpets and Drums shall celebrate our Bliss,
And *Albion* keep a *Festival* for this.

New Ways I'd study to oblige my Fair,
And thy Diversion shall be all my Care.

Go, *Violante*, call your Partners in,
And let your *Rural Pastimes* now begin.

[*Here may be introduced any short Pastoral Dialogues, Songs, Figure-Dances, or any other Entertainments, as the Mistress shall think proper.*] After the Interludes are over, the King and Rosamond rise.

King. Now, my fair Angel, I must take my Leave,
And give my wearied Eyes a short Reprieve.

In yon cool Grotto's artificial Night,
Refreshing Slumbers I'll a while invite;
Then seek again, revived, my absent Fair,
With all the Love a tender Heart can bear.

[*He goes out.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Rosamond alone.

FROM whence arise these sad presaging Fears,
These sudden Starts, these Sighs, and falling Tears ?
Oft in my silent Dreams, at Dead of Night,
I've seen, methought, Great *Henry* take his Flight,
Wafted by Angels thro' the Realms of Light :
While I, alas ! abandon'd and forlorn,
To some unheard-of gloomy Defart born,
Have seem'd, thro' pathless Wilds, alone to stray,
Without one Sun-Beam to direct my Way.
'Tis Fiction all, and I will grieve no more :
My Life has endless Blessings still in Store.
Hence every Thought and every anxious Care,
'Tis Fiction all, for my lov'd *Henry's* here.

[She goes out.]

SCENE III.

The Entry of the Bower.

Enter Cordelio alone.

OH ! the gay Prospect, the delicious View !
Forever charming, and forever new !
Here, lovely Greens of various Shades arise,
Bedeck'd with fragrant Flowers of various Dyes :
There, Fountains playing thro' the shady Trees,
Add new Refreshment to the gentle Breeze .
Here, stands a Rock ; there, rolls a purling Stream :
Sure 'tis a Vision ! sure 'tis all a Dream !

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen, Henrietta, Chloris, and other Attendants.

QUEEN.

THE Bow 'ry Vaults before my Eyes appear!
 My Bosom pants with an unusual Fear:
 A Thousand Checks my timorous Heart controul;
 A Thousand Sorrows shake my guilty Soul.
 I see, with Horror see, my Hands embro'd
 In purple Streams of my fair Rival's Blood.
 Methinks I see the Victim gasp for Breath,
 And start, and struggle in the Pangs of Death.
 Methinks I see my raging, dying Lord:
 And oh! curst Fate, I see myself abhorr'd.

Cord. My Eyes o'er flow, my Heart with Grief is torn,
 To hear my Queen, my Royal Mistress mourn. [*Aside.*

Queen. What Methods shall my trembling Soul pursue?
 Teach me, ye Powers, Oh! teach me what to do.

Cord. Behold! Great Queen, that shady Bow'r will
 shew

Where lies conceal'd your fair, your guilty Foe.
 That conscious Scene of lawless Love contains
 The fatal Cause of all your anxious Pains.

Queen. In yonder Vale I know my Rival lies:---
 It is decreed,---It shall be so,---She dies.---
 Help me *Cordelio* quickly to destroy
 Her matchless Guilt, and her unbounded Joy.
 No Sorrow sure can e'er with mine compare!
 What Heart, tho' ne'er so great, can ever bear
 The Pangs of raging Love, and wild Despair?

[*She goes out, Cordelio and the rest of
 her Attendants follow her.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Rosamond alone.

O Ravishing Delight ! O rising Joy !
No anxious Cares shall now my Peace annoy.
To meet thy Bliss m' exalted Soul prepare :

A Noise without.

My Henry comes, his well-known Steps I hear.
—What do I see ? —My Fate, alas ! draws nigh.
My injur'd Queen ? —I'm doom'd, I fear, to die.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Queen, with a Bowl of Poison in one Hand, and a Dagger in the other. Henrietta and Chloris follow at a Distance.

QUEEN.

T HUS arm'd with double Death, resolv'd I'm
come :

Behold, vain Sorcerers, behold thy Doom.
Thy mighty Crimes to their full Period tend,
And *This*,—or *This*,—forthwith thy Days shall end.

Ros. What shall I say ? or how shall I reply
To the just Threats of your wrong'd Majesty ?

Queen. 'Tis Guilt that does thy fault'ring Tongue controul :

Be quick, and drink up all this fatal Bowl ;

Cr

Or this Right Hand performs her Tragic Part,
And plants a Dagger in thy treacherous Heart.

Ros. Oh ! can *Britannia's* Queen give such Commands,
Or can she dye in Blood her sacred Hands?
Shall such Resentments fire her generous Breast ?
Britannia's Queen should such dark Deeds detest.
Oh ! think, when Tides of youthful Blood run high, }
When Scenes of long-expected Joys draw nigh, }
'Tis double Death at such a Time to die.

Queen. To thee, whose *Fame's* become a *Publick Stain*,
That Life thou plead'st for should be thought a Pain.

Ros. Who could resist thy *Henry's* matchless Charms,
And banish such a *Hero* from her Arms ?
Oh ! think a little on the tender Fires,
The melting Thoughts and languishing Desires,
That fill your Breast, when you the Charmer see ;
Think on yourself, and sure you'll pity me.

Queen. And dost thou thus thy horrid Guilt deplore ?
Thy Fate is seal'd, and I will hear no more.

[*Holds a Dagger to her Breast.*]

Ros. O gracious *Queen* ! your list'd Arm restrain ;
Behold these Tears !—Let them not flow in vain.
Oh ! let Compassion in your Bosom rise,
And hear with Pity my repenting Sighs.

Queen. In vain thou striv'st to move me with thy
Tears ;
Fruitless are all thy Sighs, in vain thy Prayers.
Hope not a Day, no, not an Hour's Reprieve.

Ros. Tho' I live miserable, let me live,
In some dark Cave let me forgotten lie,
Banished the Day, and every human Eye:
Offended Heav'n ev'n there I will adore,
Nor wish to see the *Sun*, or *Henry* more.

Queen

Or, the JEALOUS QUEEN. 23

Queen. Why does my tardy Vengeance thus delay?
My Arm this Moment shall my Rage obey.

Ros. Madam thus prostrate at your Feet I fall:
Let me one Moment still for Mercy call! [*Kneels.*]

Queen. Mercy to Crimes less heinous may be due;
But Death and Horror shall thy Crimes pursue.

Ros. This fatal Bowl shall then prevent the Blow.—
[*Drinks.*]

Oh! whither will my parted Spirits go?

Queen. Where thou thy Crimes forever shalt lament,
And wish in vain thou hadst been innocent.

Ros. Tyrant, my dying Soul with Fury burns,
And slighted Sorrow into Madness turns.
Think not, imperious Author of my Woe,
That dying *Rosamond* will leave thee so.
My murder'd Ghost shall haunt thee in the Night,
And with her hideous Screams thy Soul affright.
And, when the Night her sable Curtain draws,
Thy Lord, my *Henry*, shall revenge my Cause.—
Whither, Oh! whither does my Frenzy drive?
Forgive my Passion, and your Wrongs forgive.
My Veins are frozen, and my Blood grows chill,
And all the weary Springs of Life stand still.
Death's icy Hand benumbs my Life all o'er,
And now your hated Rival is no more.

[*Sinks down into an easy Chair.*]

Queen. When *Vanquish'd Foes* beneath us prostrate lie,
Is it not very great to bid them die?
But how much greater is it to forgive,
To set them free, and let the *Captives* live!

[*Turns to Henrietta and Chloris.*]

Draw nigh, my Friends, and mark your Queen's Com-
mands;

Beneath yon Hills a private *Convent* stands,

Where

24 VANQUISH'D LOVE:

Where the fam'd Streams of *Isis* softly stray ;
Thither the breathless Coarse forthwith convey,
And bid the *Cloyster'd Nuns*, with pious Care,
The solemn Funeral Rites this Night prepare.
They carry Rosamond off.

Queen alone.

Now, now the Conflict of my Mind is o'er,
And faithless *Rosamond* shall charm no more.
Hence every Thought and every anxious Care ;
Hence every Torment that attends Despair.
Now shall my *Henry* live with me alone ;
Now the *gay Hero* shall be all my own.
Scepters and Crowns could no such Transports give ;
'Tis Pain without my *Better Half* to live.

The End of the Second A C T.



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

A GROTTO.

The King asleep upon a Bank of Flowers. A Cloud descends, and in it four Guardian Angels, with Emblems in their Hands of War and Peace. The first comes forward, and sings Genius of England. After the Song is ended, all join in a Figure Dance, to a Martial Tune.

1st ANGEL.



EE, how dejected *Albion's* MONARCH lies!
Restless in Thought, tho' Sleep has clos'd
his Eyes.

Let us with double Diligence attend;
For on our Care his future Joys depend.

2^d Ang. In Fields of Death my *Post* shall be, to spread
A Shield of Adamant around his Head.

3^d Ang. And mine, in Peace to guard the Throne
unseen,
And reconcile the *Hero* and the *Queen*.

4th Ang. When Hosts of Foes the Warrior shall sur-
round,
Bravely he shall retreat without a Wound.
I will engage their Fauchions to misguide,
And turn their pointed Arrows all aside.

D

1st Ang.

1st Ang. When *Factions* shall at Home begin to swell,
And prompt th' ambitious Soldiers to *rebel*;
Such inward Fears, such Terrors I'll create,
As shall their *best form'd Plots* at once defeat.

2d Ang. But who has Skill sufficient to remove
The Pangs of Sorrow, and the Rage of Love?

3d Ang. I'll fire his Godlike Soul with mighty Themes.

4th Ang. And I'll his Troubles sooth in pleasing Dreams.

1st Ang. So shall *fond Love* before *Ambition* fly,
And *boundless Grief* in *endless Raptures* die.

2d Ang. Whate'er in *British* Annals can be found,
That's truly great, heroic, and renown'd;
Whate'er uncommon Actions shall adorn
Great *Britain's* Champions that are yet unborn,
In visionary Slumbers shall succeed:
The *Gauls* shall in imaginary Battles bleed.
Cressy shall stand before the *Monarch's* Eyes,
And *Agincourt's* and *Blenheim's* Conquests rise.

3d Ang. Behold! Great *Henry* smiles amidst his Trance,
And shakes, with seeming Joy, a *fansy'd Lance*.
His thoughtful Brain is fill'd with loud Alarms,
The Shouts of Armies, and the Clash of Arms.—
See! Glory strives:—The Field at last is won:—
Honour revives, and lawless Passion's gone.

4th Ang. The *God of Love* now pleads his Cause in vain;
Now *Henry's* Heart is Proof to every Pain.
His growing Pleasures can no Compass keep,
And are too vehement, too fierce for Sleep.

[*The Angels ascend, and the Vision disappears.*]

SCENE II.

HENRY *starting from the Couch.*

SURE, in some *Fairy Land* I've lately been!
Such mighty Joys, such Wonders I have seen!
Still does the Prospect stand before my Eyes,
And still a Crowd of glorious Objects rise:
A thousand Fights, and Triumphs immature,
That lie in deep Futurity obscure,
Break forth, and to the open Day display'd,
Too plain my soft, inglorious Hours upbraid.
Transported with so bright, so gay a Scheme,
My waking Life appears, methinks, a Dream.——
Farewel, ye rosy Brakes, a long Adieu:
Henry no more must think of Love, or you.
O beauteous *Rosamond*! O rising Woe!
Why do my weeping Eyes so fast o'erflow?
How shall my trembling Heart it's Purpose tell,
And bear to take her long, her last Farewel?——
Rise, *Great Ambition*, rise in all thy Charms,
Thy gilded Banners spread, and burnish'd Arms.
Let the Drums beat, and the shrill Trumpets join
To animate my Soul with Rage divine.
Try all thy Arts my Passion to remove;
'Twill ask them all, to *vanquish lawless Love.*

[*He goes out.*]

S C E N E III.

A TABLE, on which stands the Queen's Bowl, with the Dagger lying by it, and a Letter directed to the King, with Information of the Death of Rosamond.

Enter the Queen alone.

LOOK down, ye Stars, ye Pow'rs divine, look down,
And make the Cause of Innocence your own.
Instruct my Tongue my Henry to assuage,
Revive his Love, or mitigate his Rage.—
But see! my Lord appears, he hither flies,
And Lightning flashes in his angry Eyes.—
I dread the Storm, and therefore will retire,
Lest Sight of me should fan his Passions higher.

[She retires to the farther End of the Stage.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter the King.

MY Heart presages some ill Fate is near!
Why should I tremble else, unus'd to fear?
Why should my Soul with secret Horror shake?
No idle Dreams could such Impressions make.
What means this melancholy, silent Show,
This Pomp of Death, this tragic Scene of Woe?

[Surveys the Bowl and Dagger, and peruses the Letter.]
Death to my Eyes!—What News is this I read.—

GREAT SIR, your beauteous ROSAMOND is dead.—

What

Or, the JEALOUS QUEEN. 29

What shall I say, or whither shall I turn?
With Rage and Love alternately I burn.
From Thought to Thought my restless Soul is tost,
And in the Whirl of boundless Passion lost.——
Why did I not, ye Powers, in Battle fall,
Crush'd by the mighty Thunder of the *Gaul*?
Why did my Bosom miss the pointed Spear?
Life's now a Torment that's too great to bear.—
But see! the fatal Cause of all my Fears,

The Queen comes forward.

The Source of all my Sorrows now appears.——

Madam, no unexpected Guest is here;

That Bowl declar'd Britannia's Queen was near.

Queen. Why in these Shades do I my Lord receive?

King. Is this the Welcome, Madam, that you give?

Queen. Thus coldly should divided Lovers meet?

King. And is it thus, that we like Strangers greet?

Queen. What Pleasures could these guilty Shades afford,

Becoming thee, *Mine*, and *Great England's* Lord?

Degenerate Thoughts, I fear, have fir'd your Breast.

King. The Thirst of Blood, I fear, has yours possess'd.

Thy Hands my *Rosamonda's* Blood has shed.

Oh! tell me, Tygres, where the *Maid's* convey'd; }
In Floods of Sorrow I'll lament her Shade. }

No *Nymph* e'er mov'd with such a graceful Air;

No *Rose* e'er smelt so sweet, no *Lilly* look'd so fair.

Queen. My Lord, I see your Heart with Anguish torn;

'Tis Death to me to see my *Henry* mourn.

The *Living*, Sir, you mourn, while *injur'd I*,

To be so lov'd, so moan'd, would freely *die*.

King. Does she then *live*? ——— Oh! speak *that*
Word again:

Why will you dally with a Monarch's Pain?

Queen. Was your *Fair Rosamond*, my Foe, alive,
Wouldn't your Love, and all my Wrongs revive?

King. Oh! No.—By wondrous Visions from above,
I'm summon'd to the Field, and freed from Love.

Queen. O joyful News! ——— Then cease, my Lord, to
grieve,

And know your *Rosamonda's* still alive. ———

The *Bowl* by me with drowsy Juices fill'd,
From cold *Egyptian* Drugs by Art distill'd,
In borrow'd Death has clos'd awhile her Eyes;
But soon the *waking Nymph* again shall rise,
In a *close Convent*, far-remov'd shall shine,
And spend her Time in *Songs* and *Hymns divine*:
Shall make *Atonement* for herself, and you,
And bid the guilty World with Joy ADIEU. }

King. How blest is *Henry*, if this News be true!
In Life and Bliss do but secure the Fair,
I'll never ask you how she lives, or where.
Forever from my youthful Fancy fled,
May the whole World declare, and think her dead.
The Charms of Beauty I'll no more pursue:
But wish alone to *live* and *die* with you.

Queen. How does my joyful Heart, for such a
Prize,

The Censures of th' im-judging World despise!
Oh! change no more, and I'll forgive what's past,
Think all a Dream, and *Rosamonda* chaste.

King. This wondrous Goodness how shall I repay?
Forever blest be this auspicious Day!

Sure

Or, the JEALOUS QUEEN. 31

*Sure none would to forbidden Pleasures rove,
That ever knew the Sweets of Virtuous Love.*

*Queen. Marriage alone can solid Joys dispense,
And join true Happiness with INNOCENCE.*

*King. This Reconcilement let the Goddess Fame,
With her shrill Trump, to distant Realms proclaim:
Whilst here, at Home, we revel in Delight,
And close, with a SHORT BALL, this happy Night.*

F I N I S.



EPILOGUE.



EPILOGUE.



S timorous Sailors, *when the Surges beat,*
And rouse th' Old Ocean from his calm Re-
treat,
With aching Hearts behold the Tempest
rise,

And wish to Make the Shore with weeping Eyes :
Yet, when the Wind's allay'd, all Sorrow's gone,
Thoughtless of Dangers past, All venture on,
And one calm Hour does for the Storm atone.

}
}

So We, when we appear in Public View,
Are apprehensive of each Look from You :
Fearful, lest our Attempt your Frowns should raise,
And meet with Censure, whilst we aim at Praise.
But when we find that You espouse our Cause,
And raise our drooping Spirits with Applause ;
With a fresh Ardour we OUR TASKS renew,
And spare no Pains to be approv'd by You.
To you, Kind Ladies, we for Refuge fly :
Let your Good Nature our Defects supply.
Your wonted Charms let generous Smiles display,
And drive our little Fears, like Mists, away.
Accept of what we've done, tho' done amiss,
And with Applause our Harmless Sports dismiss.
This NEW ESSAY let your Indulgence spare,
We'll Practise thus before you Once a Year.
But, should OUR TASK to Night your Spleen procure,
We'll ask Forgiveness, and Offend no more.

THE





G. Bickham junr. del. et sc.

THE
RIVAL NYMPHS:
OR, THE
MERRY SWAIN.
A
PASTORAL COMEDY.

As it was PERFORM'D

By the *Young* LADIES of Mrs. BELLAMY'S
SCHOOL, with the general Approbation of
their Friends.

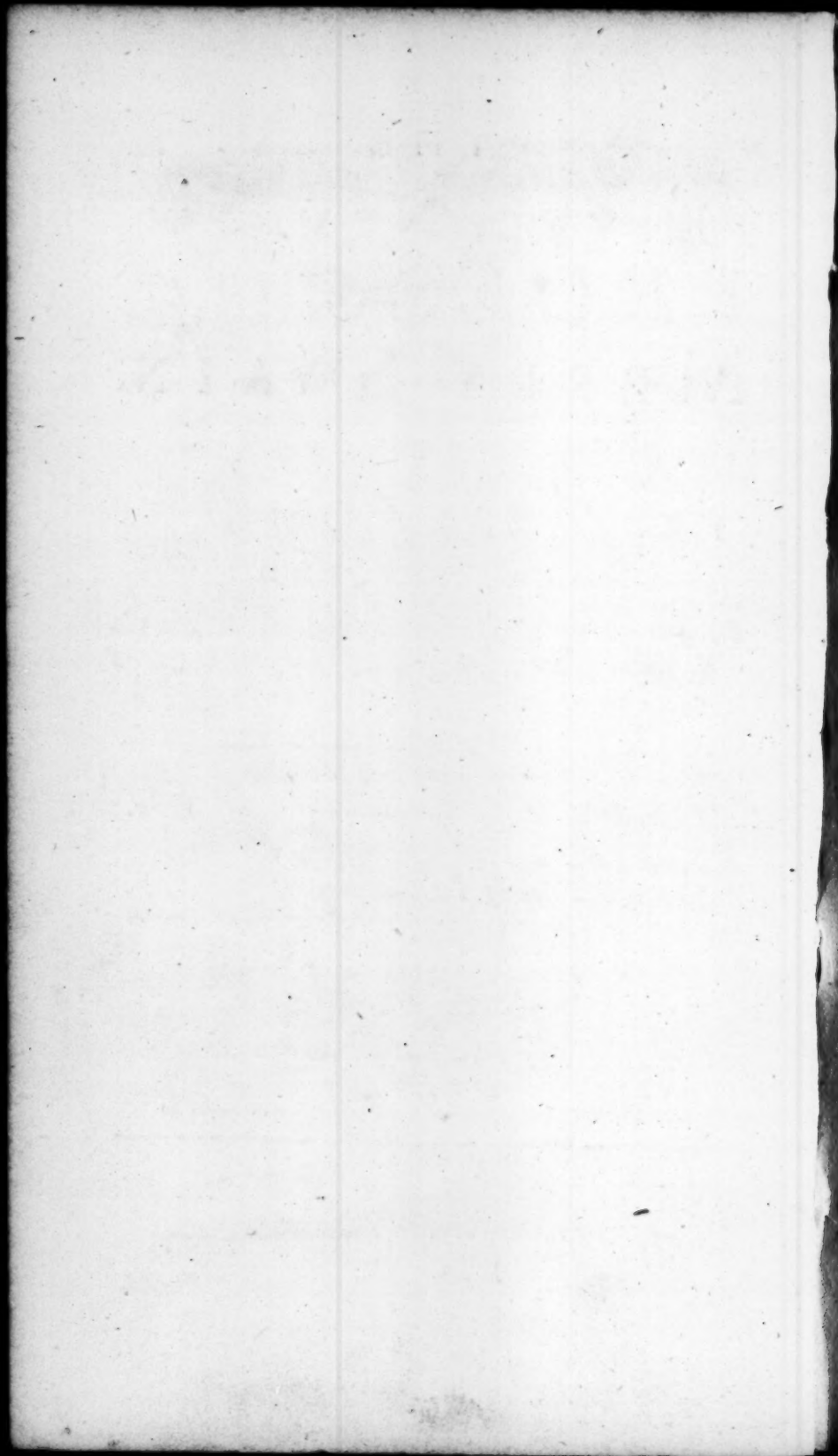
*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda Tellus.* —————

HOR.

*Hang Care, and cast away Sorrow;
To the Gods belong To-Morrow.*



L O N D O N.
Printed for the AUTHOR.
M DCC XL.





PROLOGUE.



*N Rural Verse our First Attempt was made:
A loftier, Tragic Story, next we play'd.
To-night we venture on a NEW ESSAY,
And hope to please you in the Comic Way.
'Tis a bold Task, and much our Skill we fear,
Yet still 'tis some small Merit sure TO DARE.*

*The Scenes to-night for your Diversion chose,
Were drawn by the Great COWLEY's Infant Muse:
His Muse Our Master hopes will hit your Taste;
Because she's chearful, and yet strictly chaste.*

*He fears his Alteration of her * PLAY
Has done her Wrong, and made her Charms decay.
Some Scenes he found too hard, and all too long-
For Us, so unexperienc'd, and so young.
Yet still he hopes, thro' his Disguise, she'll shine,
And prove Agreeable, if not so Fine.*

*Accept it then, tho' incorrect it be,
And don't you censure each false Step you see.
Let your smooth Brows no angry Wrinkles wear;
But let your Looks be generous, as they're fair.
Be to our little Merit wondrous kind,
But to our Errors prove exceeding blind.*

* LOVE'S RIDDLE.

Persons



Persons Names.

M E N.

Horatio, *a rich old Gentleman, Father to Marcellus and Oriana.*

Marcellus, *his Son, in Love with Sylvia.*

Bellario, *a Gentleman of Fortune, in Love with Oriana.*

Linco, *a surly old Shepherd, Father to Phillis.*

Ernesto, *an honest old Shepherd, suppos'd Father to Sylvia.*

Damætas, *a young Shepherd, in Love with Phillis.*

Hillario, *a merry witty Shepherd, averse to Love and Marriage.*

W O M E N.

Sophronia, *Wife to Horatio.*

Oriana, *their Daughter, in Love with Bellario, who, for fear of marrying Lucius, her intended Husband, ran away from her Parents, and assum'd the Habit of a Shepherd, and the Name of Oriana.*

Corisca, *Wife to Linco.*

Phillis *their Daughter, in Love with Oriana, and Rival to Sylvia.*

Sylvia, *suppos'd Daughter to Ernesto, in Love with Oriana, and Rival to Phillis.*

Shepherds, Shepherdesses, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *An ITALIAN GROVE.*

THE



THE
RIVAL NYMPHS:
OR, THE
MERRY SWAIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Oriana alone, drest like a Gentleman.

ORIANA.



OW wild! How extravagant are Lovers
Actions! What Disguises do we put on!
What Rambles do we take, to shun the
Man we hate, or find out the dear Object
of our Wishes! How have I wander'd o'er
this solitary Grove, thoughtless of all the Dangers that
surround me! If the just Gods have brought me hither

E

to

to scourge the Folly of my Love, —this Moment let me perish.—Oh, my hard Fate! —Shall ev'ry Tree look green? Shall universal Nature smile around me, and I alone be drown'd in Floods of Sorrow, without a Friend to pity me? —Who's there?

S C E N E II.

Enter Hillario, singing, not seeing Oriana.

A C A T C H.

*Let's be jovial and gay,
Live well while we may,
And drown in good Liquor our Sorrow:
For Time will ere long
Put an End to our Song
And who knows but it may be To-morrow?*

Orian. **A**Y, marry, Sir, this Fellow has some Fire in him. [*Aside.*] Hail to you, Swain! [*She comes forwards.*] I am a Gentleman that have lost my Way, and should be very thankful, if you could oblige a weary Traveller with a Lodging.

[*Hillario, not regarding Oriana, continues singing.*

Another C A T C H.

*We'll sing, and we'll tippie all Day
(For 'tis but a Folly
To be melancholy)
And never ask what is to pay.*

Orian.

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 39

Orian. He regards me not. — Prithee, good Shepherd, tell me where thou dwell'st.

[Hillario still takes no notice of him, but continues singing.

We'll drink, and well never have done, Boys, &c.

Orian. What art thou mad? —

[He strikes him on the Shoulder.

Hil. Why not, Friend? — All the World is so. — Your Citizen's mad, to trust his Customers with his Goods, and Wife. Your Courtier's mad, to spend his Time in gaudy Drefs, and idle Gallantries. Your Lawyer's mad, to tear his Throat, and spend his Lungs for a Fee; and his Client is more mad to give it him: — But there's a *Thing in Black*, call'd a POET, that's ten Times madder than all the rest, who sits playing at Crambo all Day in a Garret, and has nothing to subsist on but a Song on my Lord's Wedding with my Lady, or a *doleful Ditty* on the much-lamented Death of some generous Patron.

Orian. What think you, Friend, of your *Lovers*?

Hil. Why worse really than of the *Poets* themselves. Is it not a pretty Sight, to see a Pair of Turtles cooing at one another, stand with their Arms across, and fight out, *My Love, My Soul, My Joy, My All*? — Ha, ha, he! — Oh! 'tis beyond the Name of Frenzy.

Orian. Why so fatirical, *Shepherd*? By the Keenness of your Wit, I should guess your Education had been in the City, not the Woods.

Hil. Why, I'll you, Sir. — My Father dy'd, and left me young and rich: I, like several others of my

Brother *Shepherds*, plagu'd with the Itch of Curiosity, fold my numerous Flocks, and took a Trip to Town: Where, whilst my Money lasted, who more welcome? But when the *last Piece* sigh'd in my *empty Pocket*, the Scene was chang'd, and who more coldly treated? Then, then I found I had bought Experience at too dear a Rate, and so return'd. Now, here I live, to laugh at all the Follies which I saw.

Orian. You may rejoice; but Sighs suit best with me.

Hil. Now, o'my Conscience, thou hast lost a Mistress; or she has burnt your whining Letter; or kiss'd your Rival before your Face; or deny'd you her Hand; or flirted her Fan at you.—These are very mournful Circumstances, very bad Symptoms, truly!—I am sorry I am come to interrupt your serious Meditations.—Farewel, Sir.

Orian. You mistake me, Shepherd.

Hil. I shouldn't like to be infected, Sir.

Orian. There's no Danger, Shepherd: I have no Distemper, but a *troubled Mind*.

Hil. The worst of all Distempers.

Orian. Then you should pity me, and be my Physician.

Hil. Heav'n's forbid! I turn Physician. Turn a Consumption to Men's Purfes, and purge them worse than their Bodies.—I'd have you think my Parents brought me up more graciously, than to be a Murderer by Profession.

Orian. Your Wit is out of its Bias.—The Corruption of the Soul needs no *outward Applications*, and *Counsel* is the only Physick it requires.

Hil.

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 41

Hil. So then ! you'd have me be your *Soul's Physician*.
—Why I believe I could *cant* for an Hour or two, or so,
upon Occasion :—But then I want a *Cushion* to thump my
Doctrine into.—Pray, what is the Name of your *Soul's*
Disease, Sir ?

Orian. A Fever, Sir.

Hil. Good luck !—The Fever of Love, I suppose.

Orian. Was you never in Love, Sir ?

Hil. Not I, I thank my kind Stars. I never saw that
Face could charm me so, but that I quickly found a Re-
medy.

Orian. Would you oblige me with the Receipt, Sir.

Hil. With all my Heart.—'Tis *this*,—a *chearful Song*,
and a *Bottle*.—Mirth is the only Physick in the World,
Sir.

Orian. I like your Prescription, and, to follow it, would
fain turn *Shepherd*, and spend the Remnant of my
Days in Rural Sports.—I would forget my Troubles past,
and, if 'twere possible, my Name itself.

Hil. If you'll trust yourself to my Management, I'll
make a *Shepherd* of you, I warrant you. We two will
laugh at all the World, talk Treason like Parrots, and
yet keep our Necks securely out of the Collar.

[Sings.

A C A T C H.

Come, come, come away ;

(For 'tis but a Folly

To be melancholy)

Let's live here while we may.

S C E N E III.

Enter Damætas, Linco, Corisca, Sylvia, Phillis, and several other Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Dam. DO but hear me, Sir.—

Lin. You love my Daughter! No Matter for that.—You have my *Phillis*, Sirrah!

Corisf. Good Duck, don't vex thyself. What tho' he loves her, she won't have him.

Lin. Come, no matter for that. I will vex myself, and vex him too. Shall such an idle Fellow as he pretend to run away with honest Men's Children.—Let him go feed his Flocks.—But now I think on't, he has none to feed: Ha, ha, he!—And yet the audacious Varlet would be buzzing about my Daughter, like a Bee about a Honey-Pot.

Dam. Ill-natur'd, doating Fool! What tho' my Flock is not so large as yours; yet, in my Mind, I am an *Emperor* compar'd with thee.

Corisf. Of the *Moon*, I suppose.

Dam. Pray, Mrs. *Winter*, if you will be prating, stand farther off; for your Breath is more offensive than a Goat's.

Phil. Shepherd, your Wit is not so agreeable, but you may spare it. If you're so lavish, you'll have none left, to make the *Song* of the *forsaken Lover* with.

Dam. I am dumb.—May my rash Tongue forget its Faculty of Speech, if it offended you.

Phil. On that Condition, I'll agree to't quickly.

Lin. Well said, Girl. By *Pan*, I'll give thee ten Sheep more for thy Portion, for that Jest.

Phil.

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 43

Phil. Alas! good *Shepherd*, what do you imagine I should love you for?

Dam. For my past *Services*, my *Constancy* and *Truth*. And since I love and honour you, were I deformed, the *Chaos* of a *Man*, *Humanity* would teach you not to hate me.—Oh! charming *Phillis*, pronounce my *Doom* at once, and make me blest, or wretched for ever.

Phil. Then hear it.—You're an *Afs*.—(That's for your ill *Manners* to my *Mother*.) And I'll never love you.

Dam. You're a *Woman*,—cruel hard-hearted *Woman*:—And my *Passion* shall trouble you no more: But when I'm dead, my angry *Ghost* shall vex you worse, than now your *Pride* does me.—Farewel.

[*He goes out.*]

Lin. Who comes here?

S C E N E IV.

Enter Hillario and Oriana, in a Sylvan Habit.

Hil. HAIL to ye *Shepherds*, and ye beauteous *Nymphs*; I must present this *Stranger* to your *Knowledge*. When you're acquainted well, you'll thank me for my *Service*.

Orian. Hail to ye *Shepherds*, and ye beauteous *Nymphs*. 'Tis my *Desire* to be your *Neighbour* here, and feed my *Flocks* (such as they are) near yours.

All the Shepherds salute him. You are most welcome hither.

Coris. A handsome young Fellow that. [*Aside.*] I should be glad of his *Acquaintance*.—You're heartily welcome, Sir.

[*Courtesies.*]
Hil.

44 *The RIVAL NYMPHS:*

Hil. What! *Beauties*, [*To Phillis and Sylvia*] are you silent? Take Notice of him pray. Your speaking is worth more than all the rest.

Sylv. You're very welcome, Sir. [*Salutes him.*]

Orian. Thank you, fair *Nymph*; this is indeed a Welcome.

Hil. Nay, come, Mrs. *Phillis*, you'll join in the Chorus, I hope.

Phil. You are most kindly welcome, Sir. [*Salutes him.*]

Orian. You bless me too much! — The Honour of a Kifs from you, is an Entertainment that a Prince might wish for.

Phil. Bless me! How he looks! And how he talks! His Kifs was Honey too! His lovely Lips as red as early Cherries!

Sylv. Bless me! How I envy her! Would I had that Kifs too. [*Aside.*]

Phil. Such Eyes! [*Aside.*]

Sylv. Such Looks! [*Aside.*]

Phil. Such Dimples in his Cheeks. [*Aside.*]

Sylv. Such graceful curling Locks! [*Aside.*]

Phil. How fair he is! [*Aside.*]

Sylv. Fairer than whitest Blossoms! [*Aside.*]

Sylv. Softer than the Doves of *Venus*! [*Aside.*]

Coris. They two have got a Kifs, why shouldn't I?
[*Aside*] — You're heartily welcome, *Shepherd*.

[*She courtesies very low.*]

Orian. I cry you Mercy, *Shepherdes*, I didn't see you. — [*Salutes her.*]

Hil. Our young *Stranger*, I'll say that for him, has a good Stomach. And if he don't die upon't, he may venture to live in the worst Air in all *Europe*.

Sings.

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 45

A C A T C H.

Come, come, come away :

(For 'tis but a Folly

To be melancholy.)

Let's live here while we may.

The End of the First A c t.



A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Horatio, Sophronia, Bellario, and several Shepherds.

HORATIO.



H! my Daughter, my dear *Oriana's* lost forever. I shall never see my *Oriana* more.

1st Sheph. Be comforted, Sir, and let not Grief o'erwhelm your Reason.

Soph. Would I had dy'd when first I brought her forth! Then I had slept in Quiet.

Hor. Oh! that I had never try'd to cross her Wishes! Never propos'd to match her with young *Lucius*! For well I knew *Bellarion* had her Heart. I now am sensible, alas! too late, they marry not, but sell their Daughters, who have regard to Settlements alone, and value more their outward Grandeur, than their real Happiness. — Oh! *Bellarion*, how shall I recompence the Wrong I've done thee.

Bell. I'm half a Statue. Excess of Sorrow strikes me dumb.

2d Sheph. Alas! good Neighbours, you do but hurt yourselves with Weeping, — Consider, the Revolutions of a Day may bring such Turns as are beyond all human Expectation. Cheer up, Sir, under that Thought,

[To Horatio.
Hor.

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 47

Hor. Oh! never, never! 'Tis as impossible as to recal my Youth. Some wild Beast, or, what is worse, some savage Ravisher has made my Girl his Prey.—
O my *Oriana*!

Soph. Would I were with thee, wherefoe'er thou art!

3d Sheph. Bellario, See if you can comfort them.—
Methinks you should say something.

Bel. I a Comforter! Alas, my Grief surpasses theirs. She was my Wife: For we were marry'd in Affection; and wanted nothing but the Priest, and their Consent, to join our Hands forever.—I lost my Hopes, my Joy, my All, with her. You, Sir, have still a *Son*, whose Memory will sweeten all your Sorrow.

Soph. We dare not say we have. Such numerous Ills attend a Traveller, that we can only hope we have. We have sent for him to blot out the Remembrance of his Sister's Loss. But whether we shall see him more or not, Heav'n only knows.

Hor. This News, alas! will be a mournful Welcome to him.

Bel. Why do I play thus with my Misery? —'Tis impossible to live without her.—I'll hunt thro' every Wood, o'er every Plain, and never rest till I have found my *Oriana*.—Oh! my dearest *Oriana*! — [Weeps.

4th Sheph. To weep, becomes not Youth like yours. If Mourning could recal her, your Sorrow would be just. But as 'twill not, 'tis Folly.

Bel. I own it. And therefore you shall never see me more, unless you see my *Oriana*.—Farewel, good *Horatio*; Farewel *Sophronia*: Moderate your Grievs. If I return, we shall again be happy.

Soph.

48 *The RIVAL NYMPHS:*

Soph. You shall not want my Prayers.

Hor. The Gods that pity Lovers (if there be any) attend your Travels.

[*They go out severally.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter *Hillario* and *Damætas*.

Hill. **N**OW where are all your fine Sonnets?—
Could your tuneful Serenades have no Power over her? Is her Heart still obdurate? Has she quite discarded thee?

Dam. She has, and I have whistled to the Winds.

Hill. Can no Persuasions move her?

Dam. No more than thy least Breath can stir an Oak.

Hill. 'Tis a good Hearing.—Then she'll save thee a World of Lying, and a World of Charges.—I see the *Rural Nymphs* begin to copy after the *City Ladies*, to fly when Men pursue, and yet will accept a *Present*, when offer'd, as cordially as a covetous Justice of Peace the Hens and Geese of his offending Neighbours.—Now if I lov'd this Wench, I'd teach her the Difference between one who had seen the Court and City Fashions, and a meer *Shepherd*.

Dam. Lions are tam'd, and Tygers oft forget their Cruelty, but Woman,—hard-hearted lovely Woman!—

Hill. Was I as deeply smitten as thou art, I warrant thee, I'd find out a Way to win her.

Dam. Teach me, good *Hillario*: For if *costly Presents*

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 49

sents would have prevail'd, she has had the daintiest Lambs of all my Flock.

Hil. I mean not so.

Dam. If *Poetry* could do it, What shady Grove has not been Witness of my amorous Songs?

Hil. No, no, no, that's not the Way neither.

Dam. If *Sighs and Tears* would have prevail'd, What Day appear'd, in which I wept not dulier than the Morning? Which of the Winds have not my Sighs increas'd?

Hil. And so much the greater Fool you.—'Twas that speil'd all.—Had I a Mistress, by this Light, I'd daily thresh her.—For *Women*, like *Spaniels*, are the more complying the more they are beaten. But as long as you continue your canting Tone of—O *Phillis*! Dear *Phillis*, behold your dying Lover! Pity the Torments of his bleeding Heart!—she'll be as coy as a *Citizen's Wife* at the first Asking; tho' her Heart bounds with Joy at the Proposal. Take my Counsel therefore and be merry.—

Dam. 'Tis a hard Lesson. But if I thought it would succeed.—

Hil. Try it.—Laugh at her, put on all your scornful Airs; and teaze her worse, if possible, than she has you. And if that don't make her as gentle as a Lamb, then say I am no Love-Politician.

Dam. Agreed. *A desperate Disease must have a desperate Remedy.*
They go out together.

S C E N E III.

Enter Oriana alone.

HOW blest, how innocent is the *Shepherd's* Life, free from the Noise and Hurry of the Town! I could gladly wish to spend the rest of my unprofitable Days in the Fruition of their harmless Sports. But, when I recollect that I have left my Father, and my Mother, in Floods of Tears perhaps for my Departure, my Resolution's altered; and when Love whispers my *Bellarion's* Name, I in a Moment loath the Woods, and all their little harmless Entertainments prove not a Pleasure, but a Pain.—How now! Who's there?

S C E N E IV.

Enter Phillis to Oriana.

Oriana. **B**RIGHTEST of all those Stars that paint the Woods, you're welcome. This Visit is an unexpected Favour.

Phil. If you esteem it so, you are welcome to it.—I have brought you a *small Present*, some of our own Apples. If they prove agreeable, my Ambition's answer'd.

Oriana. Oh! you are too kind, and teach me that Duty, which I owe to you. I wish I could return one Half of your Deserts. But I am poor in every Thing but Thanks.

Phil. Your Acceptance is Return sufficient.

Oriana

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 51

Orian. How they blush! one might imagine they were yours, they look so modestly.

Phil. Oh! you mock me for a bold Intruder; but I meant no Harm. My Intentions were virtuous.

Orian. I know thou'rt innocent. Thy Soul is whiter than the Doves of *Venus*, the Mountain-Snow, or the fair Skin that cloaths thy lovely Body.

Phil. Now I'm sure you mock me.

Orian. Far be it from my Thoughts; I swear I honour you, and love those Maiden Virtues which adorn you.

Phil. [*Aside.*] I wish you did; but fear I'm not so happy. I'm undone! here's *Bellula*.—What is she grown my Rival?

SCENE V.

Enter Sylvia to Phillis and Oriana.

Sylv. **B**LESS me! Isn't that *Phillis*? — Oh, for some Cloud to hide me from her Sight!

Phil. Nay *Sylvia*, I see you well enough.

Orian. Why do you start back? Why shew us first the Light, first raise our Wonder, and then snatch it from us?

[*To Sylvia.*

Phil. Pray Heav'n he is not taken with her. [*Aside.*]

Sylv. I mistook my Way. I beg your Pardon Sir.

Phil. I wish you had.

[*Aside.*

Orian. Then I am still more oblig'd to Fortune.— But you can stay a little while and bless us.

Sylv. Yes, Sir—— (And Love knows how willingly.) I fear I shall quite spoil my *Garland*, with hiding it from *Phillis*.—— I hope she hasn't got Possession of his Heart already, and cheated my Intentions. [Aside.]

Phil. I'd fain be going, and yet am loth to leave them to themselves, lest she should win him from me.

[Aside.]

Sylv. A Word with you, Sir, in private.—[*They retire to one Corner of the Stage.*] I have made bold to bring you a *small Present*, a *Garland* of my own making.

Orian. How you oblige me! How they flourish still! Sure they grow better since your Hand has pluck'd them!

Sylv. They will do so, when honour'd with your Brow. Then they may well grow proud, and look more gayly.

Orian. How sweet they smell!—They owe their Odours to your Breath.

Phil. [Aside] Defend me Heavens! I think he kisses her.—How long they have been talking!—Perhaps now she's wooing him.—Perhaps he forgets me, and will consent.—I'll put him in Remembrance. [*She goes up to Oriana.*] You have not tasted of my *Apples* yet, and they are good ones truly.

Orian. I will, my dearest *Phillis*, immediately.

Phil. [Aside] O that charming Tongue! O that he'd speak so always!

Orian. I wouldn't change 'em for those glorious *Apples*, which gave such Fame to the *Hesperian Gardens*.

Sylv. [Aside.] She has out-done me in *this Present*. But I have a *Beechen Cup* at home, made by the best

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 53

Workman of the Woods. To-Morrow I'll give him *That*, and then, I'll warrant her, she shall not go beyond me.

Phil. [To *Oriana*.] What have you got a *Garland* there?—Oh, this is, I see, of *Sylvia*'s making.

[*Scornfully.*]

Sylv. Pray, what Flower does it want? --- Can you make a better, forsooth?

Orian. [*Aside.*] Poor Girls, I pity them. I am no Stranger to Love's Passion. I would fain oblige 'em both, but 'tis not in my Power.---'Tis the *Fates* Fault, not mine.

[*He walks at a little Distance from them.*]

Sylv. What! are you going, *Shepherd*?

Phil. You will not leave us, will you?

Orian. Indeed I ought not; you have both bought me by your Presents, and should divide me.

Phil. She came last to you.

Sylv. She has another Lover.

Orian. Do you both love me?

Sylv. I do, I am sure.

Phil. And I, as much as she.

Orian. I pity both of you, and am sorry that both your Loves must prove so unsuccessful. ——— You are both fair. ——— Uncommon Graces dwell in you both. ——— Bright *Sylvia*'s Eyes shine like the Stars of Heav'n. ——— And so do those of *Phillis*. ——— The Cheeks of *Phillis* are redder than the chaste *Morning*'s Blushes. ——— And so are those of *Sylvia*. ——— I solemnly protest I love you both; yet cannot, must not be a Friend to either.

Sylv. This is LOVE'S RIDDLE.

54 *The RIVAL NYMPHS:*

Orian. Which Time alone must explain to you.——
Farewel both.——

[*She goes out.*]

Phil. He's gone ; —— Yet still I hope, tho' much
I fear.

[*She goes out.*]

Sylv. I'm dubious too, yet still I won't despair.

[*She goes out.*]

The End of the Second A C T.



A C T



ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Marcellus alone.



THE Sun five Times hath run his yearly
Course
Since last I saw my Sister: And return-
ing,
Big with Desire to see my Native Country,
I found my aged Parents, sadly mourning
The Loss or Death of their departed Daughter.
This was indeed a doleful Welcome Home.
Yet, like a Kind of Happiness in Misery,
As I past thro' these Woods, I saw a *Nymph*,
Fair as an Angel, or a Sylvan Goddess.
I wonder'd, and ador'd: And never since
Could teach my ravish'd Thoughts another Object.
Here she appear'd:—And here she comes again.—
So looks the *Sun*, when, with his glorious Ray,
He drives the envious Clouds of Night away.

[Retires to the Corner of the Stage.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Sylvia and Phillis. Hillario follows them, singing.

Phil. **W**HO sent for you? Pray leave us.

Hil. No, by this Light, not till I see you cry.
 —When you have shed some penitential Tears, for wronging poor *Dametas*, there may be a Truce between us.

Sylv. How can you be so rude to interrupt us? We would be private.

Hil. What! to talk over the Number of your Gallants; to tell which kisses sweetest; which is the properest Fellow, and which makes the best Presents; to extol each Part of him, and reckon up the Songs he has made in Commendation of your sweet Persons; and then at last, to laugh at all the fatal Arts with which you fool'd him.—But were all Men of my Mind, you should lower your Top-sails, and not ride so triumphant.—You should woo us, and woo us long before you catch'd us.

Marc. [*Aside.*] O Profaneness! Can he speak so rudely to that blest Virgin, and not be Thunder-struck?

Hil. Nay, you have both a Mind to me; but I'll have no Dealings with either of you.—I came not here to gaze upon your Beauties, but to vex you.

Marc. [*Aside.*] Ruder still!—I cannot, will not bear it.—[*Comes up to Hillario*] Presumptuous Fool! Is there no other Nymph in all the Woods, that thou can'st spend thy sawcy Laughter on, but her, (*Pointing to Sylvia*)

via) whom *Pan* himself would honour? — I tell thee, Caitiff, thou shalt not think of her without as much submissive Reverence, as Holy Men pay to the Altars of the Gods they worship.

Hil. Pray, Sir, have you got a *Patent* to padlock up my Tongue?—Or, do you think, because you have a Feather in your Hat, and a Sword at your Tail, I am to be bully'd out of my seven Senses?—You'd do much better, Friend, to make your Appearance in the Side-Box at the Play-House, there ogle the Ladies, and make your obsequious Cringes to the first Persons of Quality, that you may be thought a Man of Distinction:—Or, is your Figure grown stale there, that you condescend to oblige us with a Sight on't?—Or, has some formidable *Bailiff*, with a *Capias* in his Pocket, frighten'd you out of Town, and made you fly to us for Shelter?

Marc. I scorn to revenge your little *Witicisms* thrown at me: But when thou dar'st to violate her Name,—Nature and Conscience will oblige me to chastise thy Insolence.—But where, prithee, didst pick up these *Fragments* of Wit, which thou scatter'st about so lavishly?

Hil. Where I paid dear enough in Conscience for 'em. They should be more than *Fragments* by the Price. I bought 'em, Sir, of your rich City Merchants: I scorn'd to deal with your poor Pedlars, that sell by Retail.—But let that pass.

Marc. Then you have seen the Town.

Hil. Ay, marry have I, and felt it too. I'm sure, in three Years Time, it suck'd up all the good Lands my Father left me. I must keep Company, forsooth, with your *Half-pay-Officers*, Fellows you mistake for Soldiers, by their bullying all they meet, by their Skill in new-fashion'd Oaths, and their long Narrations of Battles

Battles fought no Body knows where: When a poor simple Captain of the Militia, whose Head aches at the Sound of his own Gun, shall poze them in their own Terms.---These were my first Sharpers.

Marc. So, no Wonder then you spent so extravagantly.

Hil. Pshaw! these were nothing.— At last I fell unluckily into your *Poets* and *Players* Company:— A Pack of Rogues that soon refin'd me of those gross Humours bred by Money, and made me what you see me —A WIT.

Marc. But can'st thou find no fitter Objects to exert thy snarling Talent on, than these *bright Virgins*?

Hil. Yes, *You*, now you are here.

Phil. I'll steal off while they are disputing. [*Aside*] For *Hillario* will follow me else, and plague me all Day long.

[*She runs out.*]

Hil. What are you fled, Girl? Ill be with you in an Instant.—But first, I'll fetch *Dametas*, and, if he follows my Directions, we shall have glorious Sport.---Well, I may live in Time to have the Women scratch my Eyes out! I shall richly deserve it.---Farewel, Sir. [*He goes out.*]

Marc. They are both gone:---Direct me, *Cupid*, now, and teach my Tongue the Art of fond Persuasion.

Sylv. Farewel, Sir, I must be gone.

Marc. O stay a little; for I cannot live without you.

Sylv. Pray let me go, Sir. There's no Body to look after my Sheep, and if my Father should miss me, he would be so angry.---

Marc. Alas! the Wolf himself would learn to spare thy tender Flocks, and be as careful as thy Dog to guard 'em.

Sylv. 'Tisn't your fine Speeches will keep him from them tho'.---Pray let me go.

Marc. Can you be so indulgent to your Flocks, and yet so careless of my utter Ruin? --- Sure! since I love and honour

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 59

honour you, I should deserve much more from you than they.

Sylv. What would you do, that thus you urge my Stay?

Marc. Nothing, I swear, that should offend a Saint: Nothing to call a Blush into your Face: Nothing which virtuous Sisters can deny their Brothers. I own I love you: But then my Love is honourable. I'd only gaze upon your charming Eyes, and sometimes steal a harmless Kiss. I'd offer nothing else; 'till *Hymen* join'd our Hands, and licens'd further Freedom.

Sylv. Fortune and Nature both oppose the Union, in making me a Sylvan Maid, and you a Gentleman.

Marc. I hope I may, without any Ostentation, say I am so: Else my Love were Impudence. Yet I could wish myself still greater than I am, that I might more deserve you.

Sylv. You are, Sir, for aught I can see, too great for me already. And I'm resolv'd to live a Maid, or marry with some virtuous *Shepherd*.---For *Oriano* is so, and I'll be his, or no Body's.

Marc. Pray hear me.

Sylv. I have, Sir. And if your Love be honourable, my Fortune bids me fly from you: If dishonourable, my Honesty enjoins me to despise you.---Farewel. [*She goes out.*]

Marc. She's gone:---So, when the Sun begins to set, Night creeps behind, and hides the World in Darkness.---I must find out some Way to win her.---Oh, that I had been a *Shepherd*! Born in these shady Woods! Then, then I might have hop'd.---If e'er she married, she said, *Some virtuous Shepherd should be the only Man*.---What if I woo in a Sylvan Habit!-----Perhaps she'll love me then.-----It shall be so.-----

In various Shapes I will pursue my Love,
And imitate the Masquerading J o v e.

SCENE

S C E N E. III.

Enter Hillario, Damætas, and after them Phillis.

Hil. **N**OW for a Trial of Skill, Boy! She's just behind us. Remember my Instructions.

Dam. I warrant you.—Fair Creature, [*To Phillis.*] whom all the Nymphs confess the Glory of the Woods.—

Phil. Sure, thou wert born to plague me! Who sent for you, pray? Go, look after your rotten Sheep.—If you regard a Wife, when you have one, no more than you do them, she'll have a precious Bargain of you.

Hil. [*Afide.*] The Game begins.

Dam. Fair Nymph, that dost outshine the brightest Stars ———

Phil. Your Compliments are all thrown away upon me. You sail against the Wind, I assure you.

Dam. Will nothing move thy unrelenting Heart? See, here! fair Maid, I have a Present for thee, which on my Knees I beg you to accept of.

Phil. You Men are strange deluding Creatures. You have so many engaging Ways with you, there's no resisting you, I think.—Let's see it.

Dam. No, I am born to plague you, now I think on't!

Phil. What Tricks are these? ——— Give it me, I say.

Dam. My Compliments are thrown away upon you! I sail against the Wind, *Phillis!*

Hil.

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 61

Hil. [*Aside.*] Admirably perform'd, my Boy!

Phil. I am betray'd. This is a Plot upon me, I find. I'll be gone. For I had rather meet a Wolf than this *Hillario*. [*Is going.*]

Hil. Nay you shall stay, and hear a little more.

Phil. Well, Sir, this is your Love, I perceive.

Dam. Ha, ha, he! Would you have me love a Stone, or court a Picture?—Now, tho' you have a wonderful Opinion of your own Charms, I must needs tell you, *Flora*, *Dorinda*, or *Amaryllis*, far outshine you.

Phil. Why don't you court them then?—An impertinent Coxcomb. [*Aside.*]

Dam. So perhaps I do. But if you should know it, you'd envy them.

Phil. No, not I, I promise you. I'd sooner live and die an old Maid, than take into my Arms such a homely, ill-bred *Shepherd* as thou art.

Dam. Ha, ha, he! Dost hear her *Hillario*? She'll cry presently.—Don't be cast down, Child. I may be persuaded. A few penitential Tears may possibly procure a Kifs from me.

Phil. A Kifs from thee!—I wouldn't kifs thee for the *Indies*.—Sawcy imperious Blockhead!

[*Walks to and fro in a violent Passion.*]

Dam. O *Hillario*, I have gone too far! See, what Lightning flashes in her angry Eyes!—O *Phillis*, all I have said was but to try thee. Behold thy Lover, prostrate on his Knees, implores thy Pardon and Forgiveness.

Hil. A whining Puppy! He'll spoil all I find.

[*Aside.*]

Phil. No more ; I'll hear no more.
 Sooner the Lamb shall with the Lion join,
 Sooner the Moon shall the bright Sun outshine,
 Than *Phillis* shall, audacious *Sewain*, be thine.

[*She goes out.*]

Dam. She's gone :—Eternal Night involve me !——
 How have I fool'd away my Hopes !——

Hil. Thou art a meer Coward, *Dametas*, and can't
 not stand the first Fire. One single Frown dispatches
 thee. A Cannon Bullet is not half so fatal.

Dam. Is this your *Stratagem* ? A Lover's Curse on
 that, and thee ! May all thy Flocks languish and pine
 like me ; and may'st thou love like me, and be like me
 despis'd !

Hil. Poor Fellow ! I begin to pity him. [*Aside.*]
 I'll try to give him a little Consolation under his Mis-
 fortune.——*Dametas* :

Dam. Be gone ; and leave me to my troubled
 Thoughts——Eternal Blisters seize thy Tongue. Would
 I had died ere I had hearkned to thy Counsel.

Hil. Well, of all Madmen sure your Lovers are the
 worst !——But I must find out some *Plot* to set all to
 rights again. My *Wit*'s engaged in the Affair, and the
 Man shall have his Mare again, for all this.——Oh !
 here's *Corisca*,——I have it.——

SCENE IV.

Enter Corisca, not seeing Hillario.

Cor. I AM now going to *Oriano* with this Ring, a Ring which a young handsome *Shepherd* bestow'd on me some threescore Years ago. He can't dislike the Present. I was a pretty Lass in those Days, tho' I say it, that shouldn't say it.

Hil. [*Aside.*] Ay, so thou wert I warrant.——Now the *Plot* begins——Reverend *Corisca*, whose very Autumn shews how glorious the Spring-time of thy Youth was —— [*Bonus very low.*]

Cor. What! art thou come to mock me?

Hil. I do confess indeed my Tongue has been too free. But since, considering your Age and Virtue, she repents her Rashness. Behold my Tears, and pity and forgive.——Oh, for an Onion now, to make the *Farce* compleat! [*Aside.*]

Cor. Alas good Soul, I do forgive thee, if thou repent'st sincerely.

Hil. Oh, doubt it not! What I spoke before, were all the Dictates of my Folly. I still can trace the Footsteps of your Beauty, which Time can never raze. [*Aside.*]

Cor. Why, I'm not so old indeed as you imagined.--- I am but Fourscore. You us'd to say I look'd like the Picture of Winter. Do I?--I knew you did but jest.

Hil. No, no, no.——It takes, I see. [*Aside.*]--- You certainly bely your Age. A Man might take you

64 *The RIVAL NYMPHS:*

for--Forty, or thereabouts.---Not a Jot more, I protest.

Cor. You flatter me. But I have something of a Colour this Morning.---I should please *Oriano* mightily. But I won't go to him upon second Thoughts. 'This *Shepherd*'s as handsome as he; and, I see, strangely smitten with me. Perhaps he'd hang himself upon some Willow, or fool away his Life in some purling Stream, should I prove unkind to him. And I could never be easy in my Mind, should I be accessary to so fatal an Accident. [*Aside.*

Hil. Dear *Corisca*, I have a Secret to impart to you, which yet I dare not, lest I should offend you.

Cor. Out with it: You have free Liberty.

Hil. The comely Gravity, which adorns your Age, and makes you still seem lovely, hath so charm'd me!

Cor. Alas good Soul!-----I'll seem a little coy at first: But not too long neither, for fear I lose him. [*Aside.*] My Years, *Hillario*, require other Thoughts. ---Love-Toys but ill become the Old.

Hil. If you deny me, I'm undone.

Cor. Well then! not to undo you,--- I comply.

Hil. [*Aside.*] Ah, pretty Turtle! how supple it 'is! like Wax before the Sun! Now must I kiss her, there's the Misfortune on't.-----[*To her.*] Let's join our Hearts then, and seal them with a Kiss. [*Kisses her.*]

Cor. Not to be your Debtor, there's your Kiss again. [*Takes him round the Neck, and kisses him.*]-----Farewel, Duck. I must just step Home, and see how *Phyllis* looks after the Sheep.- I'll meet you here again in the Afternoon. And, that you may'nt forget the Appointment, take this Ring as a Token: But don't wear it, lest my Husband chance to see it. Farewel, Duck.

[*She goes out.*]
Hil.

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 65

Hil. Left her Husband chance to see it.—This is enough for me:—My Scene of Love is now all over.—I'll call her back,——So ho, *Corisca*!

SCENE V.

Corisca Re-enters.

Cor. **D** I D you call me, Duck?
Hil. Only to ask a foolish Question, Duck.

Cor. Propose it.

Hil. Han't you a Husband, *Corisca*?

Cor. Yes, Duck.

Hil. And do you love him?

Cor. Why not, Duck?

Hil. And yet you could make a Cuckold of him.

Cor. Hum!——Out of Charity to you, perhaps
——much might be done.

Hil. Why, thou incontinent old Dotard! Could'st thou imagine that I really lov'd thee? Ha, ha, he!——Thou homely, shrivell'd Piece of Mortality! Fit only for a Gardiner's Statue to fright the Crows away. Thou--

Cor. Ungrateful *Shepherd*, Is this your Love!——Give me *my Ring* again.

Hil. No, no, I'll give it your Husband. He'll be more choice on't.

Cor. What shall I do? ——Dear *Hillario*, don't make Mischief between Man and Wife. Keep but this a Secret, and I'll do any thing in the World for you.—I'm undone, if you discover it. [*Weeps.*]

66 *The RIVAL NYMPHS:*

Hil. Well then, out of Charity to you, I'll make you a Propofal.--- If you can prevail on your Daughter to be marry'd to *Dametas* to-day, to-morrow I'll reftore the *Ring*, and fwear never to mention what has pafs'd between us.

Cor. Agreed. I'll do the beft I can.

Hil. Make hafte.---- Now, if this *Stratagem* don't hit,
I'll never *Plot* again, nor be a WIT.

The End of the Third ACT.



ACT



ACT IV. SCENE I.

•Enter Oriana, Sylvia, and Marcellus.

ORIANA.



RAY follow me no more. Methinks that Modesty, which in your Face appears so lovely, should raise your Fears to trust yourself in Private with a Stranger.

Sylv. I'd cherish then those Fears, and call 'em Hopes, if you'd but smile upon me.

Marc. O *Sylvia* !

Sylv. Leave me *Marcellus*. If thou hop'st Success to thy own Love, why interrupt'st thou mine ?

Marc. If Love cause you to follow him, how can you be angry with me for following you ?

Sylv. Love shouldn't be so subtle, as to play with Arguments.

Marc. Love shouldn't be an Enemy to Reason.

Orian. To love, at best is but a Sort of Folly :—
But to love One, who cannot make Returns, is nothing else but Madness.

Sylv. Tell him so : [*Pointing to Marcellus.*] 'Tis a Lesson he should learn.

Marc. To live, and not to love, is a Sort of Inhumanity : But not to love One, who is true and constant, is nothing less than Tyranny.

Sylv.

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Sylv. Tell him so: [*Pointing to Oriana.*] 'Tis a Lesson he should learn.

Orian. [*To Sylvia.*] Why do you follow him that flies from you?

Marc. [*To Sylvia.*] Why do you fly from him that follows you?

Sylv. [*To Marcellus*] Why do you follow? [*To Oriana.*] Why do you fly from me?

Orian. The Fates command me, that I must not love you.

Marc. [*To Sylvia.*] The Fates command me, that I needs must love you.

Sylv. The Fates impose the like Command on me: That you I must, [*To Oriana.*] that you [*To Marcellus.*] I cannot love.

Marc. Unhappy Man! When I begin to speak,
She stands unmov'd, regardless of my Pray'rs,
Deaf as the Winds, and as the Rocks unshaken.

Sylv. Unhappy Woman!
When I begin to shew him [*Oriana*] all my Passion,
He stands unmov'd, regardless of my Tears,
Deaf as the Winds, and as the Rocks unshaken.

Orian. We are all Three unhappy: Born to be the proud Example of imperious Love. Our fond Desires, like some mysterious Truth, must be conceal'd, 'till Fate shall please to explain 'em. Till then,—

Let us with Patience bear our wayward Fortunes,
And found a Parly to our Passions.

*The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
Puzzled in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errors;
Our Understanding traces 'em in vain,
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search;*

Nor

Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
Or where the regular Confusion ends.

[They go out together.]

SCENE II.

Enter Damætas, Ernesto, and Hillario.

Dam. **H**OW much am I oblig'd to you both ! My better Genius, thou ! And thou, my Friend !—But do you think the Plot will hold ?

Hil. It shall hold, if the Bands of Matrimony can hold thee.

Ern. Shall we knock ?

Hil. Let me alone for that.---[Knocks.] So ho, Corisca Mother Winter : You, whom the Grave has waited for these Hundred Years, come forth.

SCENE III.

Enter Corisca.

Cor. **W**H O's there ?

Hil. Tis I. Are you crawl'd here at last ? Is your Daughter ready ?--- [To her *Aside.*] Do you know this Ring ?

Cor. [Softly] Heark'e :---You have not told Tales, I hope !

Hil. No, no, my Duck. But I told them that your Mind was alter'd, and that you now lik'd *Damætas* for a Son-in-Law. So we Three came to lay our Heads together, to bring it about.

Cor.

Cor. You're welcome. We'll go in and talk the Matter over in private.

[They go out together.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Phillis alone.

ICAN'T imagine why my Mother should invite *Dametas* and *Hillario* to our House to-day. Sure her Mind isn't chang'd already! Sure they have not wheedled her over to their Party!----But be that as it will, I'll never have him, that I am resolv'd on. Two Words shall go to that Bargain, I'll promise them. However, I'll listen to their learned Debate, and find out the Bottom of this Project, if possible.

[She retires to one Corner of the Stage.]

SCENE V.

Enter Corisca, Dametas, Ernesto, and Hillario.

Ern. **T**O obviate all Objections to *Dametas's* Fortune, *Corisca*, I'll make him my Heir.

Cor. How can that be? You have a Daughter, you know.

Ern. True. But they say she's fallen in Love with the new *Shepherd*. Now I'll pretend to be very angry on that Score, and so dis-inherit her.

Cor. That's an Answer.----I should be very sorry to have *Dametas*----

Hil.

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 71

Hil. Hang himself on a Willow, or soufe himself in a purling Stream, Ha! *Corisca*?---- I know thou'rt gentle, and thy Daughter never suckt in her Cruelty from thee.

Dam. Why do we loiter? ---- For till *Phillis* is mine,

*The tedious Hours move heavily away,
And each long Minute seems a lazy Day.*

Phil. [*Peeps out.*] Fair and softly goes far, Sir. ---- I shall disappoint your tow'ring Hopes, or I am much mistaken.

Ern. Come let's be gone.

Hil. Come along.--- *Corisca*, play your Cards to the best advantage, now: Or else----

Cor. Never fear me. I'm not to seek at these Years in Affairs of that Nature,

Dam. Dear Mother, don't delay. I'm all Impatience.

Cor. I go---Success attend us.

[*They go out.*]

Phil. [*Comes forth*] What an unnatural Old Woman is my Mother! But I'll baulk their Expectations, notwithstanding they think their Game secure.

*FATE never will the INNOCENT undo,
And tho' my Mother's False, the GODS are True.*

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Hillario, Linco, Corisca, Damætas, and Ernesto.

Dam. **W**HEN last we met, and you deny'd your Daughter to me, you urg'd the Meanness of my Fortune: But since *kind Fate*, or rather *Ernesto*, better far than Fate, has now supply'd that Want, I hope you'll start no new Objections.

Linc. Come! No matter for that. I wish your Tongue wasn't so well hung. That scurvy Itch of Poetry that you have got, I don't like by any means. But, no Matter for that neither.

Hil. Never fear. He'll leave that in Course when he has got his Pockets well lin'd. The *Muses* are a Set of Ragged *Fades*, meer *Tatterdemallions*, and vanish at the Sight of Riches.

Dam. Why! You don't think sure that *Poetry*,--- An *Art*, which even the Gods admire,---

Hil. Confound your *Arts*!--- Let him think what he will. What's that to us?

Ern. I should be glad to have your final Answer, *Linco*. If you think your Daughter too good for him, after my Adoption, I won't urge the Match. Perhaps I may find out another *Shepherdes*, that may please me better, and him as well.

Dam. That's impossible.

Hil. Confound your Impossible! Thy Mouth, like a crackt Fiddle, never sounds but out of Tune.--- Speak, *Corisca*,--- Or else ---

Cor.

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 73

Cor. I will, I will. — Are you mad, Husband, to fling away a Fortune that's thrust upon you? You know *Ernesto's* rich.

Linc. Thrust upon me!—No matter for that.—I'd fain see any Man thrust any thing upon me.—But, no matter for that neither.—I'll do what I will do.—Thrust upon me, quotha!

Dam. Come, what say you, *Linc*?

Linc. Hold your Tongue. If I speak to any Body, it shall be to *Ernesto*.—But, no matter for that.—Heark'e! You'll leave all to *Damætas*, you say.

Cor. He says he will, Duck.

Ern. I will. And since *Sylvia* thinks herself wiser than her Father, and will be govern'd by her own Passion, and not my Inclination, I here disown her for my Daughter.

Linc. A Match then.—*Damætas* is an ingenious young Fellow; and I fancy him hugely for a Son-in-Law.—But, no matter for that neither.

Ern. Well! Since we are both agreed, let us go in, and yoke 'em together. The two Turtles long to bill and coo, I warrant you.

Hil. I warrant you so too. Now, my Lad, [*Claps Damætas on the Shoulder.*] I wish thee much Joy: And

A C A T C H.

*We'll sing and tipple all Day,
(For 'tis but a Folly
To be melancholy)
And never ask what is to pay.*

H

[*All go out.*
SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Marcellus alone.

WHILE Oriano *lives, I cannot love thee.*——
These were her parting Words.——I'll kill him
then.——

Why do I tremble at the bloody Thought ?

Methinks Love frowns, and says I am too dull.—

And yet again, methinks soft Pity frowns,

And says, I am too weak against my Passions,

Fool that I am !—Pity's the Child of Fear.

For thee, dear *Sylvia*,——

I dare be wicked, tho' Jove strikes me dead.

Farewel, *Conscience*,—Thou, that frightest

Boys, and doating Women.—What shall I do ?

I see the *better Way*, and know 'tis *better* ;

Yet still this *fatal Error* draws me backward.

So when two adverse Winds rush out and meet,

The Ocean swells, and the fierce Billows beat ;

Now rise like Mountains, now roll here and there,

Doubtful which Way their furious Course to steer.

Sits down in a melancholy Posture.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Hillario, not seeing Marcellus.

HA, ha, he ! We'll have such excellent Sport. Our Game's up. Ha, ha, he !

Marc. How happy are some Men over others !
How jovially some pass their Hours away,
Whilst others spend in Sighs the live-long Day !

Hil. [*Turns round, and sees Marcellus at a Distance.*]
Who's there ?—A very pretty Posture, truly ! How his Arms
are crost ! He dreams, I warrant you, he's a hugging his
Mistress. He weeps. See how the Tears run trickling down
his Cheeks !—A provident Fellow, I warrant !—When he
wants to water his Sheep, he carries his Well, I find,
with him. Ha. ha, he !

Marc. [*Comes up to him.*] 'Tis ungenerous to laugh at
the Afflicted. Life's but a Span, and so uncertain, that
to-morrow, perhaps, thou may'st act *that Part*, which
now thou so contemn'st.

Hil. I act a *Part* ! It must be in *Comedy* then. I
can't endure your whining, dying *Tragedies*. None of
your Romantic Airs for me, Sir.

Marc. You are unmannerly. Leave me to my self
My worst Thoughts are better Company than thou art.

Hil. Enjoy 'em then, and much Good may they do
thee. Your Company, Friend, isn't so pleasant, that
one need be over fond on't.—I remember, when I lost all
my Money, I was just such another melancholy Fool —

*But hang Care, drive away Sorrow,
To the God's belong to-morrow.—*

H z

Do

76 *The RIVAL NYMPHS:*

Do you hear, Friend, I'm going to a Wedding, and if you have a Mind to be gay and frisky, and drown the Thoughts of your hard-hearted Mistress in a Bumper of *Nappy October*, you shall be welcome. If not, Mr. *Tragedy*, I'm your humble Servant. For my Part, I'm resolv'd to be merry,—

A C A T C H.

*And sing, and tipple all Day,
(For 'tis but a Folly
To be melancholy,)
And never ask what is to pay.*

[*He goes out.*]

Marcellus alone.

Thou art happy, *Shepherd*; for thou art innocent.
—Sorrow can never touch thy chearful Heart.—But thou,
Marcellus, must be wicked, or be wretched.—

*The PHYSICK's hard which thou dost ill prepare;
Yet the DISEASE is harder still to bear.*

The End of the Fourth A c t.

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Hillario, Damætas, and Ernesto.

DAMÆTAS.

AY Heav'n convert these Omens into Good, and disappoint my Fears! Thrice in the Threshold my Feet were seiz'd with an unusual Stiffness, and thrice I stumbled as I walk'd along.

Hil. And three times thrice thou art a Blockhead, for thy superstitious Observance of such common Accidents.

Dam. Blame not my Fear; for 'tis the Child of Love. Tho' *Phillis* should be lock'd within my Arms, I should still doubt of my Success.

Hil. If you should stumble, you mean.

Dam. Alas! that wasn't all.—As I pass by, upon the Oak sacred to *Faunus*, where the *Shepherds* daily exercise their Rural Sports; on the same Oak, an inauspicious *Crow* foretold some fatal Ill approaching.

Ern. And because Crows foretel wet Weather, you interpret it the Rain of your own Eyes. Come, come, be advised by me, and leave these idle Follies,

S C E N E II.

Enter Linco, speaking to Phillis within the Door.

WELL! Come, Girl. No matter for that. I believe what thou say'st to be true, Girl. Thy Mother's an old doating Fool. But, no matter for that neither. I'll do their Busin's, and thine too, I warrant thee.

Ern. Here comes *Linco*.

Dam. He looks chearfully — I hope all's well.

Hil. But I'd doubt of his Consent, tho' he should give it me.

Dam. Pardon a Lover's Fears, *Hillario*.

Ern. Well met, *Linco*. We were just coming to you.

Lin. To me!—Very likely.—Your Will and Pleasure with me, pray.

Ern. We come to claim your Promise.

Linc. My Promise!—Oh!—Right. I said I'd go to Market with you, and help you to dispose of some of your Cattle.—I beg your Pardon. This treacherous Memory of mine oftens fails me. But, no matter for that. I'll wait on you in an Instant.

Dam. I stand confounded.—Good *Hillario* speak to him.

Hil. A very odd sort of a Story this!—We were for dividing the Bear's Skin, before he was caught.—Here's no Wedding like to be, for what I can find, except between the Bulls and Cows.—Heark'e *Linco*, you forgetful old Put! Is your Daughter ready?

Linc. No matter for that. Ha! my good old Friend *Hillario*, give me thy Hand. Thou art a merry Fellow. I haven't seen thee this many a Day, old Bully Rock.

Hil.

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 19

Hil. crazy Head-peice that of thine, *Linco!* What!
Can't not remember the Tranfaction of the last Hour?
'Tisn't longer since we were all together, and you consented to the Match.

Linc. Then you'll go with us to the Wedding, will you? Do, there's a good Lad. We'll have a Fiddle, Boy: And

Hillario's CATCH.

We'll sing, and we'll tittle all Day.

(For 'tis but a Folly

To be melancholy)

And never ask what is to pay.

Ha! What say'st thou?

Hil. [*Aside.*] Now could I cut this old Puppy's Throat?

Linc. Why so thoughtful, my old merry Companion!
Come, come,

*Hang Care, Man, drive away Sorrow,
To the GODS belong to-morrow.*

I have nettled him, I'fackens.

[*Aside.*

Ern. Come, what's the Matter?

Hil. Matter! Why the Fellow's mad, that's all.

Ern. You see I am as good as my Word, *Linco*, I have brought my Son along with me.

Linc. Your Son! — I cry Mercy, I thought you had no Child but your Daughter *Sylvia*, I.

Ern. Are you come to mock us?—You can't possibly have forgot my Promise to adopt *Dametas*, so soon as you pretend.

Hil.

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Hil. Didn't you particularly examine whether he would leave him all? Did you not? Can you deny it now?

Linc. Deny it!—No, no: But where's *Sylvia*?

Ern. Leave Fooling. Is you Daughter ready?

Linc. Ay, that she is; and as ripe as a Cherry, just falling from the Tree.—Why she's to be marry'd, Man, within this Hour, to a young *Shepherd*.

Dam. That's me.—Hence Fears. Attend upon the Infancy of Love.—She's now my own.

Hil. Why! Ay, the Crow upon the Oak foretold you this, I suppose.

Linc. *Phillis*, Daughter *Phillis*, come hither, Girl!

[*At the Door.*]

S C E N E. III.

Enter Phillis.

Linc. **H**ERE's some Company come to dance at your Wedding, Child.

Dam. So looks the Sun, when he salutes the Day,
And drives the dreary Mists of Night away.

Phil. Did you call me, Father?

Linc. Is *Myrtillo* come? I thought he would have suffer'd thee to wait for him. But, no matter for that. Go in and dress you, and prepare to welcome him.

[*As Phillis is going out, Damætas stops her.*]

Dam. Will you be gone so soon?—Oh *Phillis*! the long expected Hour is come at last.—Let's join our Hearts, and seal 'em with a Kiss.

[*Offers to salute her. She struggles and goes out.*
Linc.

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 81

Linc. How now! How dare you kiss another Man's Wife! For she's *Myrtillo's* Goods and Chattels now. And had he seen you, perhaps he would not thank you for your Pains. But, now I think on't, 'tis but civil to take a *parting Kiss*. I wouldn't have my Daughter ill-natur'd neither, methinks.

Hil. How's this, *Linco*?

Linc. Why, dost thou think, when *Myrtillo* has once made her his own, he'll suffer her to be slopt and kist by every Coxcomb?

Hil. *Myrtillo*!—What has he to do with her?

Linc. Ha, ha, he!—The Husband has no Business with his Wife, I suppose!—But I warrant you she'll find Employment for him.

Hil. You mean *Dametas*, sure. Do you not?

Linc. 'Tis no matter for that. What I mean, I mean.—Well! rest you merry, Gentlemen, I must attend my Daughter's Wedding. If you'll take a Dance with us, I dare say the Bridegroom will make you welcome. Pray, bring your Son and Heir, *Dametas*, with you; and Mrs. *Sylvia*, your discarded Daughter too. A little Merriment will compose 'em perhaps after Disappointment.—What say you, *Dametas*?—'Tis your Mistress's Wedding, Boy, and she shall be thy Partner, if thou wilt.—And what say'st thou, *Hillario*, Ha? I'd have thee come by all Means. I know thou art always a leading Card at such Entertainments.—I have nettled them, I fackens. _____

[*Aside.*

[*He goes out.*

Ern. What are you both dumb? Both Thunder-struck?—This was your Plot, *Hillario*.

Hil.

Hil. A Curse on all Plots, I say, and the old Puppy into the Bargain! May all his Sheep prove rotten, and may he want Subsistence, and be forc'd to feed upon 'em! May his Wife be a daily Plague to him, and live to bury him! And may his Son-in-Law's Horns be more conspicuous than the largest Deer's in all our Forest!

Dam. Thy Imprecation's rash and foolish. Sooner the Sun shall lose his Brightness, than *Phillis* be unchaste.

Hil. May some Distemper seize him, till he be carried to some Hospital in the City, and there kill'd by some young Practitioner by way of Experiment!

Ern. A Curse on thee, and all thy shallow Politicks!

Dam. Amen, I say. This is the second Time thy boasted Wit has prov'd so fatal to me.

Hil. How unjust now are your Resentments, and how your Passion carries you beyond your Reason!—How this Plot took Wind, I can't imagine—But, if old *Corisca* was at the Bottom of't, I'll make her dearly repent it.—Yet, had it prosper'd, then you'd both have hugg'd me for this Invention.

Dam. You're a Villain, and have wrong'd us both, and e're 'tis long shall make us ample Satisfaction.

[*He and Ernesto go out.*]

Hil. Go, get you gone, and lay your wife Noddles together, to find out the best Way to extort it from me.—If thou art tardy, *Corisca*,—I'll say no more.—The Ring for that.—They are both I find against me; but I value them not. Still

*I'll sing, and tittle all Day,
For 'tis but a Folly, &c.*

[*Goes out.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Sylvia alone.

THIS Way my *Oriano*, went.—How strangely
I lost Sight of him!—I'll never rest till I have
found him out.

[She goes out.]

SCENE V.

Enter Oriana, and Marcellus, dress'd like a Shepherd.

Orian. **C**OME, now your Business, Sir.
Marc. 'Tis a fatal one, and will surprize
you.

Orian. That it cannot well.

Marc. Oh! 'Tis a Sin, young Man, of a deep Dye.
Methinks my Face looks black and horrid as my
Thoughts! Tell me, Sir, does it not?

Orian. If Villainy's your Business, I'll be gone,

Marc. Yet stay a little longer.—You shall stay and
be an Actor in this Tragedy.

Orian. What would you do?

Marc. I would do nothing:—But I must,—

Orian. What must you do?

Marc. Kill thee.

Orian. Kill me! Surely, Sir, you are not serious.
Could I recollect the least Affront or Injury I ever did you,
I should believe it.

Marc.

Marc. Alas ! there lies the Crime. I kill thee because thou art too good, too lovely fair : And, to deal ingenuously with you, because, whilst thou art living, *Sylvia* will ne'er be mine.

Orian. Had I been your Rival, you might have had some Cause, some Pretence I mean, to justify an Act so villainous.—He, who so unjustly kills auother, is a *double Murtherer*.

Marc. When we execute the Commands of Love, we deserve a *softer Title*.

Orian. Are you resolv'd to be so cruel then ?

Marc. I must ;—or be as cruel to my self.—I scorn, however, to kill you basely :—Like a Coward kill you.—See here !——[*Produces two Swords*] Take your own Choice, and then defend yourself.

Orian. 'Tis generously done :——And since it must be so, I'll call my utmost Courage to my Aid. And if the Gods protect the *Innocent*, I shall not fall.——

[*Aside,*

Marc. Are you ready ?

Orian. I am.

Marc. Come on then,——*Sylvia's* the Word.

[*They fight.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Bellario.

Bel. 'T WILL be in vain to seek my *Oriana* here.
 —Yet who knows? — No Path's amiss
 to one, who has no settled Journey to pursue. —
 Who's here? — What d'ye mean, Sirs? —
 Cease this unusual Strife: I thought you Shepherds had
 not known the Follies of the Court. I will not part from
 ye before I see ye Friends.

Orian. [*Aside.*] 'Tis my *Bellario*, or my Eyes deceive
 me. — Oh, thou dearest Man! — [*Runs to him*] To
 thee I fly for Shelter — See! thy *Oriana* here. [*Discovers
 herself*] — Now kill me, if you can. [*To Marcellus*]

Marc. I'm all Astonishment; *Bellario!* *Oriana!* —
 Oh, my Sister how shall I speak! How expiate the hor-
 rid Guilt I had conceiv'd!

Orian. This Joyful Meeting makes amends for my
 long tedious Banishment. — Oh! *Bellario*, see what extra-
 vagant Actions the Fears of *Lucius*, and my Love for thee
 have made me guilty of.

Bel. Excess of Joy has struck me dumb. — Oh, *Oriana*,
 how amply are my Travels now rewarded! The Sight
 of thee, thus beauteous as thou art, would dissipate a
 Flood of Sorrows. Oh, *Marcellus!* No more my *Oria-
 na's* Enemy, but my loving Brother. —

SCENE VII.

Enter Sylvia.

Marc. **O**H, *Sylvia*! Behold my Sister! No longer now my Rival! Oh! Make me happy in the Enjoyment of thy Love, since all thy Expectations there are lost forever.

Orian. Let me, kind Fair-one, become an humble Suitor for my Brother, and plead the Cause of Love in his Behalf.—Now, *Sylvia*, the *Fates* have solv'd LOVE's RIDDLE.

Sylv. What do I hear?—Oh, my unhappy Stars! What do I see?—I cannot bear the fatal Prospect.

[*Swoons.*]

Marc. Oh! *Sylvia*, awake. Speak but one Word.

Sylv. [*Coming to herself.*] Why do you disturb me!—'Tisn't kindly done.—I own my Passion is misplac'd:—Yet, since 'tis fixt, 'tis hard to tear it from me.

Orian. Rise, fairest *Sylvia*, and tho' the *Fates* forbid our Loves, they yet command our Friendship. Transplant that kind Concern you had for me, into my Brother's Garden.—See with what longing Eyes he gazes on thee! He'll on his Knees receive the Blessing from thee. Confirm me then your Friend, and call me Sister.

Sylv. I'm all Amazement!—But since 'twould be a Folly inexcusable, my Error thus discover'd, to pursue my Love, I'll try to check my Passion for thee, and by Degrees forget it.—Now, *Marcellus*, I pity both myself and thee.—Live still in Hope.

Marc

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 87

Marc. She bids me hope: Kind GODS! She pities me: And Pity still foreruns approaching Love, as Lightning does the Thunder.—

No anxious Cares shall now disturb my Breast;
Her Pity, and my Hopes shall tune my Soul to rest.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Horatio, Sophronia, Marcellus, Oriana, Sylvia,
and Bellario.

Hor. **Y**OUR'RE welcome Home, *Bellario* — Well,
what news?

Bel. Horatio, the GODS have heard your Pray'rs, and
prov'd propitious to my Travels. Your *Oriana's* safe.

Hor. Oh! lead me to her then, *Bellario*, and don't
with-hold a Scene of so much Transport.

Orian. [*Falls on her Knees.*] Behold your Daughter,
Sir, and pardon her Disobedience and her Flight. I
couldn't love young *Lucius*, tho' you commanded it. I
know 'twas my Preferment which you aim'd at: But
Wealth's no Dowry when compared with Love.

Bel. Now, Sir, we want but your Consent to make us
happy.

Hor. Take her, and may Heaven show'r down its choi-
cest Blessings on you both. [*Embraces them.*]

Soph. Oh, Extasy of Joy! Oh, my *Oriana*! Welcome,
thrice welcome to thy Mother's Arms!

Bel. Now, Sir, to compleat your Happiness, I have an-
other *Present* for you unexpected, and as welcome as the
former.—Your Son *Marcellus*, Sir.

Hor.

88 *The RIVAL NYMPHS:*

Hor. Then I am blest'd indeed ! How, *Bellario*, shall I express my Gratitude to Heav'n and thee, for these unthought-of Blessings, or how repay thee for thy honest Services !

Bel. I'm o'er-paid already, Sir.

Soph. O, my Son ! my Son ! [*Embraces him*] I fear'd I never should have seen thee more. I now shall die contented.

Marc. Your Blessing both ; and pardon my Disguise. But Love, Almighty Love, which turn'd JUPITER into a *Swan*, and made HERCULES's *Club* dwindle to a *Distaff*, has wrought this Transformation.

Hor. and *Soph.* You have our Pardon and our Blessing both.

Marc. Forgive me, Sister, Father, Mother, Friends, that I should think to dye my Hands in Blood. 'Twas Love, not Malice, urg'd me to the Deed, and mighty Love should plead for my Excuse — O *Sylvia* ! thou Charmer of my Heart, smile on *Marcellus*, and make him happy as his Sister.

Hor. Come, Son, ne'er regard her. I have a Fortune for thee in my Eye, that may please you as well, and me much better.

Marc. O, never ! — Let me have *Sylvia*, or let me die. — Consider, Sir,

*How base a Foe he is to VENUS' Pow'r,
Who Riches courts, and doats upon a Dow'r.
The Maid consents, yet hates : Her nobler Part
Is lost : She gives her Hand, but keeps her Heart.
How happy they, who not by Fortune join'd,
Marry by nobler Instinct in the Mind !*

As

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 89

As well as I remember, Sir, this was your own Reflection on my Sister's Loss.

Seph. Come, Husband, don't let us fall again into an Error which had like to have prov'd so fatal to us. You know we have enough to make them both happy. The Maid is fair, and virtuous, tho' of low Degree.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Ernesto.

Ern. I COME to seek a Daughter.— Oh! Are you there? 'Tis well.

Marc. This is her Father, Sir; upon my Knees I beg you to consent, and use your Interest with him.

Hor. Well then, Son, to gratify your Love so firmly fixt, it shall be so. — I have no Objection to her Person.

Marc. Not long ago, fair *Sylvia*, you pity'd me, and bid me hope. Oh! now confirm those Hopes, and make me happy.

Sylv. I must obey my Father, Sir.

Marc. Oh *Ernesto*! Now my future Happiness depends on thee. Pronounce my Doom. O say! shall *Sylvia* be mine?

Ern. My Daughter yours, Sir! —

Marc. Yes, mine. If Constancy and Truth deserves her. Oh! Father, Mother, Sister, Friends, plead for me.

Hor. *Shepherd*, you see how much my Son is smitten with your Daughter's Charms. If you think him a Match fit for her,—speak:—Her Virtue's all the Portion we expect.

Ern. Or I can promise.—If your Designs are honourable, and she is willing, I readily consent.—What say'st thou, *Sylvia*?

Sylv. I submit myself wholly to your Will, Sir.

Ern. Then I'll not hinder thy Advancement. —
Take her, Sir; and the Gods bless you both together.

Marc. With greater Joy than I'd receive a Crown.

Ern. [*To Horatio.*] Now, Sir, that you mayn't think you have bestow'd your Son upon a common *Shepherdes*: Or you, [*Turning to Marcellus.*] with anxious Thoughts in Time to come, when the keen Appetite of Love is over, reflect upon a *Match* so seemingly unequal, I will reveal a *Secret*, relating to my *Sylvia*, which I forever thought to have conceal'd.

Hor. You surprize us. — We're all Attention to the great *Discovery*.

Ern. Know then, *She's not my Daughter.*

Marc. How!

[*Starts*

Ern. What I assert is true.

Hor. Go on.

Ern. About fifteen Years ago, as I was walking in yon Woods, I found a *Nurse* most barbarously wounded, and by her Side a *smiling Infant*, richly drest. I, frighten'd at the melancholy Prospect, demanded who had wrong'd her. She groan'd, and faintly utter'd, *TURKISH PY-RATES*. Then grasp'd my Hand, and, as she was expiring, *Shepherd*, said she, *regard this little Infant; for she is the only Daughter of a Sicilian Lord*. She would have told his Name, but dy'd that Moment. I took her Home, and bury'd her. *The Babe* I strait committed to my Wife. And as the Gods had bless'd us with no Issue she nurs'd her as her own.

Hor.

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 91

Hor. I now remember, my old Friend *Leonidas*, about that Time, told me that *certain Pyrates* of *Algier* had robb'd his House, and stole away his Daughter. I'll straitway write him Letters of Advice of this Adventure. And if she proves his Daughter, we'll solemnize their Nuptials, as her Birth, and such a Providence requires.

Marc. How my Heart bounds with Joy!

Thro' various Hazards and Events we rove:

Tho' dark, yet just are all the Ways JOVE.

[*All go out.*]

S C E N E X.

Enter Linco, Corisca, Ernesto, Damætas, Sylvia, Phillis, Horatio, Sophronia, Marcellus, Bellario, and Oriana.

Ern. **S**INCE now *Oriana* is discover'd to be a Woman, and *Sylvia* no more my Daughter, I here in earnest, before all this good Company, adopt *Damætas* for my Heir. ——— If then, *Linco*, you will consent ———

Linc. Ha, ha, he! Consent, quoth'a! Why, you know she's married to *Myrtillo*.

Ern. No, no, I know to the contrary. That was only a Plot of yours. I met *Myrtillo* himself, and he told me so.

Linc. Well, well! No matter for that. But will you give *Damætas* all, upon your Word?

Ern. I promise you, I will.

Cor. He will, I dare answer for him. He will, Duck.

Linc. No matter for that. I scarce dare trust him.

Hor.

92 *The RIVAL NYMPHS:*

Hor. and Soph. We'll stand bound for his Performance.

Linc. Then, let him win her and wear her, I say.

Phil. [*To Oriana.*] Henceforth I must not love, but honour you.

Dam. Now, *Phillis*, Bless me, or make me wretched forever.

Phil. I shall be govern'd by my Father, Sir.

Linc. Take her then, Boy, she's thine forever.

Dam. With far more Joy, than I would grasp the Wealth of both the *Indies*.

S C E N E X I.

Enter Hillario.

Dam. **O**H my Friend *Hillario*! The Storm is now blown over, and *Phillis* is at last my own. Pardon my Passion. Your losing Gamesters will be a little peevish.

Ern. There's a perfect Reconciliation on all Sides. Give me your Hand, *Hillario*.

Hil. With all my Heart. I'm not to be sacrificed then, I find. Threatn'd Folks always live long, you see.

Orian. [*To Horatio.*] This is the *Shepherd*, Sir, to whom I am oblig'd for all my kind Reception in the Woods.—*Hillario*, thou art welcome. Here we are all luckily marry'd, beyond your Expectations. I hope, since you have so many good Examples before your Eyes, you won't be singular. We'll find some kind consenting *Nymph* for you, I warrant you.

Hil.

Or, the MERRY SWAIN. 93

Hil. I thank you heartily! good Mrs. *Oriana*. But *Matrimony* at present don't agree with my Constitution. When I am old, and weary of the World, I may grow desperate perhaps, and take a Wife to *mortify* withal — But while 'tis Spring of Life with me, and my Blood runs warm in my Veins, the fairest of your Sex shan't cheat me of my Freedom. I'm resolv'd —

A C A T C H.

*To sing away the Day,
(For 'tis but a Folly,
To be melancholy)
And live here while I may.*

Dam. However, you'll be my Guest to-night, and so I hope will all the good Company. Such Entertainment as you find, you shall be heartily welcome to. — But what say you to a *Dance* or two, and a *cheerful Song* till Supper is ready.

Hil. A very good Motion.

All. With all our Hearts,

Dam. Then sit you all down. I have a Set of as merry young *Lads* and *Lasses* in the next Room, as ever trip it on a *May-Morning*, I'll fetch them, and be with you in an Instant.

[*He goes out, returns immediately, and seats himself by Phillis.*

[Here may be introduc'd any *Pastoral Figure-Dances*, or other *Rural Diversions*, and the *Interlude* may be clos'd with the following SONG.

On

On the Pleasures of a Country Life.

The S O N G.

I.

HOW happy are the *Nymphs* and *Savains*,
Whodwell on the *Italian* Plains!

No Cares break in upon their Ease,
But all is Harmony and Peace.

Chor. *No Cares break in, &c.*

II.

The *Nymphs* without a Frown appear,
And look as Pleasant as they're Fair.
Each does her faithful Part'ner prize,
And meets him with consenting Eyes.

Chor. *Each does her faithful, &c.*

III.

No distant Airs they know, or Arts,
To torture their poor Lovers Hearts;
But freely they disclose their Mind,
And prove as constant as they're kind.

Chor. *But freely they disclose, &c.*

IV.

Thus, like the *first blest Pair*, they live,
And Joys reciprocally give ;

Thus

Or, the MERRY SWAIN.

95

Thus spend their Days without Offence,
In Godlike Love and Innocence.

Chor. *Thus spend their Days, &c.*

[After the Song, all rise and come forwards.]

Hor. *How many dang'rous Tempests have ye past,
Yet landed at your wish'd-for Port at last!
Thus watchful Providence the Lover guards,
And thus his Constancy and Truth rewards.*

F I N I S.

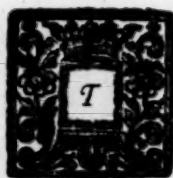


EPILOGUE



EPILOGUE.

To be spoken by *Hillario*.



O you, Fair Judges, I'm with Order come,
To know at once what is our final Doom.
We plainly see Our Jury is divided,
And therefore long to have Our Cause decided.
Some, too morose, shew by their down-cast
Looks,

They wish we had Rehears'd our Spelling-Books :
And think our Time had been much better spent
In Cross-Stitch, Irish-Stitch, or at the Tent.

Yet still we hope we have a Party here,
Who'll be as Merciful, as they Severe ;
Who will with Candour judge of what's amiss,
Approve a Task so innocent as This,
And with Applause our Nymphs and Swains dismiss.

}

However,

Let Our Fate be what 'twill, we'll be easy,
Since 'tis but a Folly
To be melancholy,
Now we've done Our Endeavours to please ye.



Frontispiece to Royal Imposter



INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:
OR, THE
ROYAL IMPOSTOR.

A
Dramatic Entertainment,
OF
T W O A C T S.

As it was PERFORM'D

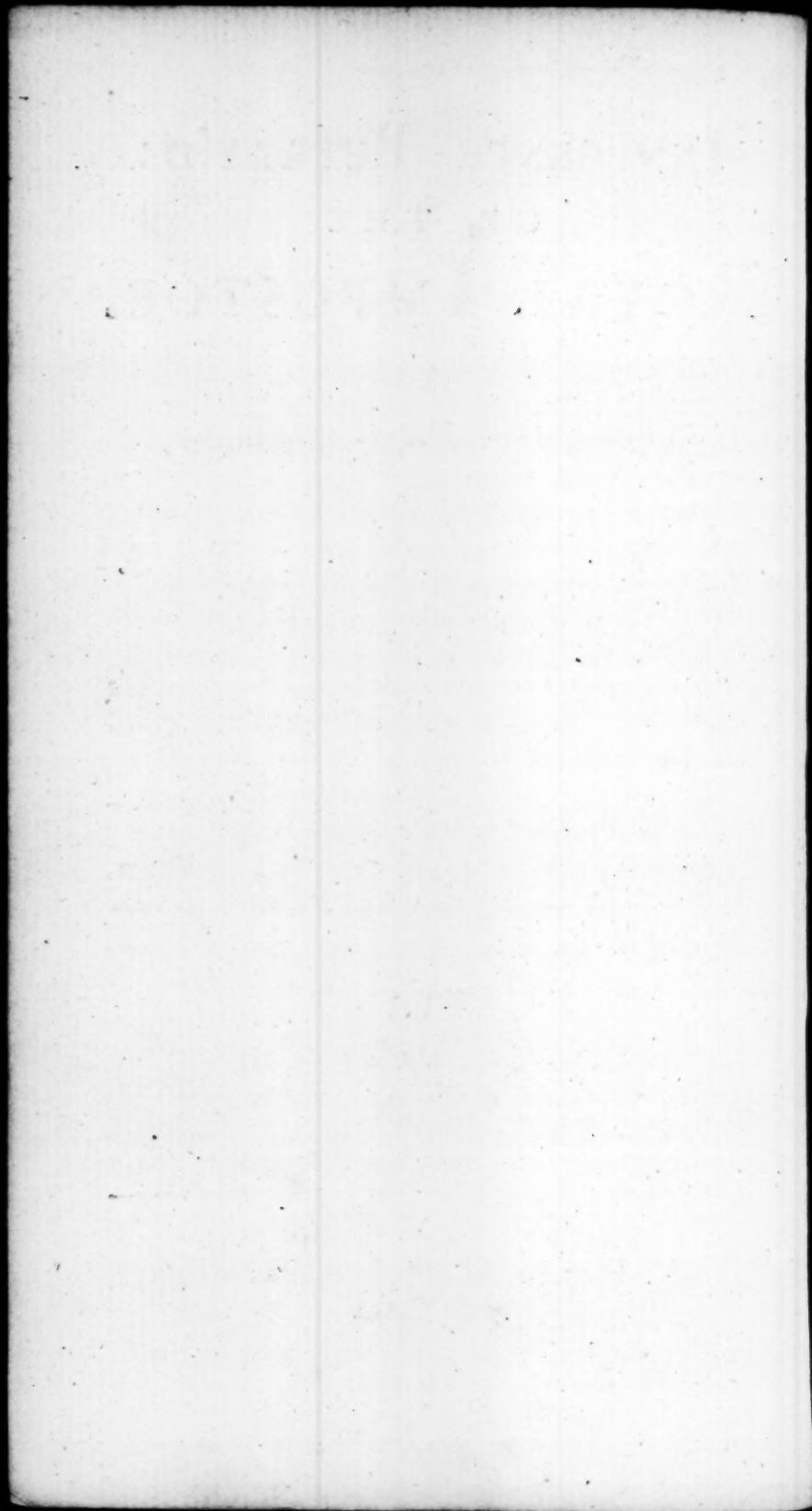
By the *Young LADIES* of Mrs. BELLAMY'S
SCHOOL, with the general Approbation of
their Friends.

*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames? —*

VIRG.



L O N D O N.
Printed for the AUTHOR.
M DCC XL.



PROLOGUE.

A *Messenger* delivers a Letter, as from the *Actors* to the *Prolocutor*. After a short Perusal, she tears it with Resentment, and begins:



Won't speak this PROLOGUE:— Go tell 'em so;

If they no Wit, I can some Manners shew.

I put on Airs, and huff the Audience!

Tell 'em 'tis rude; and argues Want of Sense.—

No, LADIES, I'll an bumbler Method take,

And will presume no PROLOGUE here to speak:

You thought I would,—but People may mistake.

Were you to wreck the fruitfullest Invention,

You can't imagine what is my Intention:

But, not to be too tedious, I'll explain

The mighty PROJECT of my teeming Brain.

'Tis this,——With all due Reverence and Submission,

To sum up all our Wants in a PETITION.

Were you to know how great is our Distress,

What Pains we take at Times like these for Dress,

We couldn't ask your Aid without Success.

No Country Heirefs, that to Town resorted,

Full of herself, and longing to be courted,

E'er took that Care to drive the City thro',

And ransack every Shop for something gay and new.

First then, we move you, GENTLEMEN and BEAUS,

To furnish us with all your finest Cloaths:

Fring'd Gloves, Tye-Wigs, Edg'd Hats, with smart

Cockades,

And Morning Gowns made all of rich Brocades:

Embroider'd Coats and Waistcoats, if you'll spare them.

We ask no Breeches——'ten't our Place to wear 'em.

PROLOGUE.

Now to you, LADIES, humbly we apply
For a Fresh Grant of all your Finery :
Your Brilliants, Locketts, Watches, Tweezer-Cases,
Flow'rs for our Heads, and Patches for our Faces :
Hoops, Fringes, Store of Pins and Bodkins,
Beside a Thousand other little odd Things
Too tedious here in Order to express,
And not so proper for a SHORT ADDRESS.
We're All ambitious of appearing fine,
And fain would with uncommon Lustre shine.
Then send these Trinkets in without Delay,
And your Petitioners shall ever pray.

Persons Names.

M E N.

Manlius.
Granius, *Attendant on Manlius.*
Clodio, *Page to Manlius.*

W O M E N.

Eudofia.
Lucia, *Attendant on Eudofia.*
Four Priests of DIANA.
Guards, Priests, Dancers, and other Attendants.

S C E N E

The Temple of DIANA, and adjacent Parts in ROME.

INNOCENCE



INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:
OR, THE
ROYAL IMPOSTOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Manlius and Clodio.

MANLIUS.



OME hither, *Clodio*, thou must leave thy
Play,
And be my *little Mercury* To-day.
Thou hast a pretty, forward, winning Face,
And may'st in time deserve a better Place.
Can'st thou cajole and flatter? Can'st thou tell
A Lover's Story to a Lady well.

102 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

If so; — Go to *Eudofia's* Chamber — On her wait,
And entertain her with thy harmless Chat.
Thou'lt gain an easy Audience from the Fair;
Thy prattling Nonsense she'll with Pleasure hear:
Perhaps regard, my Boy, what thou shalt say,
Tho' when I speak, she turns with Scorn away.
In thy Discourse let drop thy Master's Name,
And whisper now and then his ardent Flame.
Perhaps thy Tongue may prove a *Cupid's* Dart,
And melt with his soft Fires her frozen Heart.

Clod. Great Sir, I'll do the very best I can,
And wish (to serve you more) I was a Man;
But as I am, I can run to and fro,
And drop a careless Letter as I go;
Can, while my Lady dresses, sing a Song,
(Which she'll suspect not, as I am so young)
Wherein your Love shall bear the greatest Part,
And that Way steal a Passage to her Heart..

Manl. There's my good Boy, thou understand'st me well;
And may'st thou with Success my Passion tell.
If not, — a thousand Ways I'll still contrive;
New Plots I'll form to make my Hopes revive:
In various Shapes I will pursue my Love,
Shapes more than *Proteus* knew, or the dread Thund'rer

Jove.

But ere I go, exert thy little Art,
And let me hear how thou wilt act thy Part.
Practise thy Song before me, let me see
How thy soft Sounds will with my Love agree.

Clod. With Pleasure I obey. — But, my good Lord,
If I succeed, I hope you'll keep your Word.

[*Clodio sings.*

The

THE SONG.

I.

'Tis agonizing Pain to love,
Where we can meet with no Return ;
To find the Fair as Marble cold,
While in tormenting Fires we burn.

II.

O do not then, Celestial Maid,
To the Great Manlius cruel prove !
The coyest Nymph that e'er was known,
With Joy resign'd her Charms to Jove.

Manl. O ! may thy little Arts propitious prove,
And melt the beauteous Virgin down to Love !
If thou but prosper'st, thou shalt be supply'd
With all New Play Things, and a Horse beside.

SCENE II.

Scene draws, and discovers Eudisia sitting at a Table,
with a Book in her Hand, and Lucia attending by her.
She reads part of a Poem against Sensual Pleasures.

MISTAKEN Man ! Is this the fancy'd all,
The tinsel'd Nothing, that we Pleasure call ?
Oh shameful Barbarism ! No Figure can excuse
The vile Absurdity, the gross Abuse.

Plea-

104 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

*Pleasure is only proper to the Soul,
That can our mislead Faculties controul.
Ah! Could we but with searching Knowledge come
Into some quiet Soul's Withdrawing-Room!
Content, hem'd round with Joys, we there might find:
Content, the celebrated Sabbath of the Mind.*

[Eudofia shuts the Book, and rises.]

*With what a Lustre must that Virgin shine,
The Objects of whose Thoughts are all divine!
Whose free-born Soul does like the Eagle rise,
And whilst on Earth converses with the Skies.
Luc. Madam, to Heav'n I own Devotion's due;
But no cold Vestal ever liv'd like you.
In Contemplation your whole Time is spent:
The Bow, methinks, should sometimes be unbent.
Some little Pleasures the kind Gods approve,
And Heav'n's great Queen obeys the Calls of Love.
Venus would court Adonis to her Arms,
And the chaste Moon confesses Endymion's Charms.
Why then should you such licens'd Joys despise,
And look on Manlius with such scornful Eyes?*

*Eud. Lucia, thy ill-tim'd Arguments forbear;
Thou know'st his Name's ungrateful to my Ear.
Sure thou'rt instructed, hast receiv'd a Fee,
To prove an Advocate for him with me.
But all in vain; for I shall ever prove
Cold as a Statue to his ardent Love,*

*Luc. Pardon me, Madam, I'd no other View
In the Proposal, but my Zeal for you.
His Wealth and Grandeur would melt me, I own:
I couldn't scorn a Lover with a Crown.*

*Eud. Scepters and Crowns, 'tis true, are dazzling Things!
But anxious Cares attend the best of Kings.*

Soft

Soft, easy Quiet sits not on a Throne ;
Nor can a Monarch call one Day his own.
In my Opinion, happier is the Swain,
That daily labours on the verdant Plain,
Where Nature's Landscapes only charm his Sight.
With all her unexpensive, green Delight.
As for my Part, tho' Fate has rais'd me high,
In pleasing Solitude I'll live and die :
To Heav'n alone devote my future Days ;
And sing, whilst I have Life, *Diana's Praise*.

[*Eudofia sits down to her Book again.*

Clodio knocks at the outward Door.

Eud. Lucia, step down, and see who knocks below.

[*Lucia goes out. And returns again.*

Luc. 'Tis *Clodio*, Madam, come to wait on you.

Eud. Well, let him up. (*Lucia goes out.*) What would the Prattler have ?

The Play-Things which I promis'd him, I gave.

SCENE III.

Lucia introduces Clodio to Eudofia.

Eud. SO, Sir, and what's your weighty Errand pray ?
Clod. To sing you the *New Song* I learn'd to-day.

Corelli set it, and the Air is fine,

So are the *Words* ; for you must know they're mine.

Eud. Thy Infant-Poetry no doubt must charm ;

Must needs be innocent and void of Harm.

Well then begin, thy little Skill exert,

And I'll reward thee to thy just Desert.

[*Clodio sings.*

'Tis

104 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

*Pleasure is only proper to the Soul,
That can our misl'd Faculties controul.
Ah! Could we but with searching Knowledge come
Into some quiet Soul's Withdrawing-Room!
Content, hem'd round with Joys, we there might find:
Content, the celebrated Sabbath of the Mind.*

[Eudofia shuts the Book, and rises.]

With what a Lustre must that Virgin shine,
The Objects of whose Thoughts are all divine!
Whose free-born Soul does like the Eagle rise,
And whilst on Earth converses with the Skies.

Luc. Madam, to Heav'n I own Devotion's due;
But no cold Vestal ever liv'd like you.
In Contemplation your whole Time is spent:
The Bow, methinks, should sometimes be unbent.
Some little Pleasures the kind Gods approve,
And Heav'n's great Queen obeys the Calls of Love.
Venus would court *Adonis* to her Arms,
And the chaste *Moon* confess *Endymion's* Charms.
Why then should you such licens'd Joys despise,
And look on *Manlius* with such scornful Eyes?

Eud. *Lucia*, thy ill-tim'd Arguments forbear;
Thou know'st his Name's ungrateful to my Ear.
Sure thou'rt instructed, hast receiv'd a Fee,
To prove an Advocate for him with me.
But all in vain; for I shall ever prove
Cold as a Statue to his ardent Love,

Luc. Pardon me, Madam, I'd no other View
In the Proposal, but my Zeal for you.
His Wealth and Grandeur would melt me, I own:
I couldn't scorn a Lover with a Crown.

Eud. Scepters and Crowns, 'tis true, are dazzling Things!
But anxious Cares attend the best of Kings.

Soft

Soft, easy Quiet sits not on a Throne ;
Nor can a Monarch call one Day his own.
In my Opinion, happier is the Swain,
That daily labours on the verdant Plain,
Where Nature's Landscapes only charm his Sight.
With all her unexpensive, green Delight.
As for my Part, tho' Fate has rais'd me high,
In pleasing Solitude I'll live and die :
To Heav'n alone devote my future Days ;
And sing, whilst I have Life, *Diana's Praise.*

[*Eudofia sits down to her Book again.*

Clodio knocks at the outward Door.

Eud. Lucia, step down, and see who knocks below.

[*Lucia goes out. And returns again.*

Luc. 'Tis *Clodio*, Madam, come to wait on you.

Eud. Well, let him up. (*Lucia goes out.*) What would the Prattler have ?

The Play-Things which I promis'd him, I gave.

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Eud. SO, Sir, and what's your weighty Errand pray ?
Clod. To sing you the *New Song* I learn'd to-day.

Corelli set it, and the Air is fine,

So are the *Words* ; for you must know they're mine.

Eud. Thy Infant-Poetry no doubt must charm ;

Must needs be innocent and void of Harm.

Well then begin, thy little Skill exert,

And I'll reward thee to thy just Desert.

[*Clodio sings.*

'Tis

106 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

*Tis agonizing Pain to love,
Where we can meet with no Return, &c.*

Eud. Fie, *Clodio*, fie, why wouldst thou tell me Lies?
Thy Fancy never could such Thoughts devise.

You shoud be whipt, young Man, for Songs like these.

Clod. What should I sing then? for I fain would please.

Eud. Psalms, *Clodio*, Psalms, and sometimes Hymns
divine.

Their Air's melodious, and Composure fine.

Clod. Psalms, Madam! — School-Boys only sing
Psalm-Tunes:

We Pages, better taught, sing Court-Lampoons.

Eud. Go, get you gone, you idle Prattler, go;
I'll never love you more for talking so. [*Frowns.*]

Clod. I beg your Pardon, Madam, on my Knees:
What I have said I'm sorry should displease.

Oh! send me not without a Smile away:

Be Friends again, or I shall cry all Day. [*Weeps.*]

Eud. Well, well, I am: This Fault I shall forget!
But have a Care how you the next commit.

Clodio bows and goes out.

How soon corrupted is a tender Mind!

How soon are *Youth* to vicious Thoughts inclin'd!

Too few, alas, the Paths of Virtue tread,

Who're nobly born, or in a Palace bred.

[*As Eudofia is going out, she meets
Manlius, and turns back in Disorder.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Manlius to Eudofia.

Manlius.

WHY dost thou thus, fair Maid, thy Lover shun?
Why veil those Eyes by which he is undone?
Thou should'st have hid their killing Fires before,
Or mingled kind Compassion with their Pow'r.

Eud. Why will you thus in vain disturb my Rest?
How often have I begg'd you to desist?
So many Times I have your Suit deny'd,
Methinks, my Lord, you might be satisfy'd,

Manl. Think of the wondrous Patience of my Love!
Let my unwearied Zeal thy Pity move!
Think of the Pains your cold Rebukes create!
Think how a Prince lies prostrate at your Feet!
Oh! cease to wound me with your angry Eyes;
For my fond Passion, tho' suppress'd, will rise.
As the weak Reed, when the cold North Wind blows,
Yields to the boist'rous Blasts, and lowly bows:
Yet still the Storm insults it but in vain,
By slow Degrees it swells, and mounts again.

Eud. Why will you still your luckless Passion move,
And follow One that is averse to Love?

Manl. Because my Peace of Mind is that Way flown,
And I must find her out, or be undone.

Eud. Oh! think not, Sir, I e'er shall ease your Pain:
Virtue's impregnable; your Siege is vain.

Manl.

108 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

Manl. Sure some ill Planet rul'd when I was born,
That I should thus become a Woman's Scorn! *Aside.*
You think with Pride my Pow'r you may withstand,
Because I sue for what I might command. *[To her.]*

O Madam ! think a little, with what Ease
I, as a Monarch, might the Blessing seize !
But Force dissolves the Pleasures we propose,
And more the Tyrant, than the Lover shows,
O do not then my long'd-for Joys deny !
Name your own Terms, and *Manlius* will comply.

Eud. Could you then fully your unspotted Fame,
And quit your Honour for a lovesick Flame ?
Could you the Censures of the World despise,
For such a Conquest, such a trifling Prize ?

Manl. A Trifle !——No,—— To Heav'n thou art
ally'd ;

Art Nature's Master-Piece, her greatest Pride:
Thy Form, when finish'd, she with Pleasure view'd, }
Excell'd herself, and own'd the Work was good. }

Eud. Oh ! that those Charms had perish'd in the Bud ! }

Manl. O direful Imprecation !——

Eud. —— Not too great,
When those soft Charms my Ruin would create.
Cease, cease your Suit ; for Virtue can't comply :
Or do a Deed of Mercy,——let me die.

Manl. Inexorable Fair, why shouldst thou prove
So bold a Rebel to the Cause of Love ?

Eud. Consider, Sir, when Vice and Virtue meet,
They must run counter, can't incorporate.

Manl. Must we then part forever ?——

Eud. —— Ever part.

My Resolution's fix'd.——

Manl. —— You'll break my Heart.

Eud.

Or, the ROYAL IMPOSTOR. 109

Eud. To chaste *Diana* I'll for Refuge fly,
Will live a *Virgin*, and a *Virgin* die.

[*She goes out.*]

Manlius alone.

She's gone,——with fierce Resentment in her Eyes :
Yet still, if possible, I'll win the Prize.
What Wiles, what Stratagems can do I'll try,
And if all fail, to sweet Revenge I'll fly.
My Love repuls'd with double Fury burns,
And by her Scorn enrag'd to Madness turns.

So when a Fire a Field of Corn does seize,
If the Wind's hush, it burns by slow Degrees :
But if a furious Tempest chance to rise,
At once the Flame does the whole Field surprize,
And mounts with Fury to the distant Skies.

The End of the First ACT.



I.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Manlius and Clodio.

CLODIO.



LET not your Brows, my Lord, such Wrinkles wear!

Your *Clodio* cannot your Displeasure bear.

All I could do, to urge your Suit, I did;

I sung the little amorous Song you made,

And every Thing, I thought would please, I said;

Yet still she frown'd:—Go, thou'rt a naughty Boy;

Thou shouldn't thus, said she, thy Thoughts employ.

If thou'rt disposed to sing, sing Hymns divine:

Church-Musick, *Clodio*, is exceeding fine.

Who could have thought that one so wondrous fair,

Could be so superstitious, so austere?

Manl. Well, well, I am not angry, my dear Boy;

I shall at last the frozen Fair enjoy.

Tho' some small Clouds at present intervene,

The Sky ere long will be again serene.

Tho' all thy Art could no Impression make,

The SCHEME I now have form'd must surely take.

Gra-

Or, the ROYAL IMPOSTER. III

Granius, my Boy, shall on *Eudofia* wait,
And lay these blazing Jewels at her Feet.

[*Shews a Bracelet.*

A Gift so costly must successful prove,
Must make her Virtue nod, and yield to Love :
So the coy *Danaë* was charm'd by *Jove*.

[*Manlius goes out, Clodio follows him.*

SCENE II.

Enter Eudofia and Granius : Lucia attending at a Distance.

Eud. TALK not to me, officious Slave, of Love :
All thy Persuasions will successless prove.

Go, tell thy Master, I his Flame despise
Tho' *Manlius* sues, *Eudofia* still denies.

Gran. Oh, fair *Eudofia*, if my Master's Charms
Cannot attract you to his longing Arms,
Think on his Wealth ; let that your Fancy raise :
See, with what Lustre all these Jewels blaze !
Here wanton *Cupid* plays with subtle Art,
And every glittering Gem appears a Dart.

[*Offers her the Bracelet.*

Eud. *Granius*, be gone, and back thy Presents bear ;
Tell *Manlius* I his Bracelet scorn to wear ;
Tell him his Passion does ungrateful prove,
And my Disdain is equal to his Love.

Come, virtuous *Lucia*, now the Hour's at Hand,
When we before *Diana's* Shrine should stand,
Should at her Altars our Devotion pay,
And beg the usual Blessings of the Day.

112 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

Still art thou there? ——— [Looks earnestly on Granius.
My flutt'ring Heart with high Resentment beats ;
For Virtue suffers when with Shame she treats.
Ye Powers divine, who guard a *Virgin's* Fame,
Let no licentious Wish my Breast enflame.

[She goes on: Lucia following, Granius calls her back.

SCENE, III.

Gran. **L**UCIA!

Lucia. What News, my *Granius*! What
Success? --- Declare.

Gran. Great *Manlius* loves, yet loving must despair :
Eudesia proves as scornful as she's fair.
No Vestal Virgin e'er was half so cold ;
Pray'rs can't prevail, nor yet Almighty Gold.
Behold, the glorious Present she withstood !

Shows the Bracelet.

Sure she was never made of Flesh and Blood !

'Tisn't a Virtue, *Lucia*, but a Vice,

To be so very coy ! so very nice.

Lucia, Must Women then, because they've beauteous
Eyes,

Resign at once, be made an easy Prize ?

No *Granius*, No: ———

Our Sex a Lover's Onsets should withstand,
And ne'er surrender, but with Sword in Hand.

Gran. And could my *Lucia* then so cruel prove,
With real Pleasure torment her Love ?
To smile at all his anxious Cares and Pain,
And not compassionate her dying Swain ?

Luc.

Or, the ROYAL IMPOSTOR. 113

Luc. Granus, thou know'st how much thy Form I prize ;

How much I doat upon those killing Eyes :
How freely I could fly into thy Arms,
And yield with Joy to thee my youthful Charms :
Yet still, I own my Vanity, 'tis great
To see a Lover prostrate at one's Feet :
See him all drown'd in Tears before one lie,
Languish and pine, and seem at least to die.

Gran. Hark ! *Manlius* comes :—My *Lucia*, pray retire ;
Thou must not now be seen :— He's all on fire :—
His Eye-Balls start :—He rages with Despair ;—
Yet loves, and is resolv'd t'obtain the Fair.

[*Lucia goes out. Granus retires to the farther Part of the Stage.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Manlius, Clodio, and other Attendants.

Manl. O H ! God of Love, thou anxious, pleasing Guest,

How are thy Votaries pain'd, and yet how blest !
Now like a Ship in thy vast Ocean tost,
Now seem in Port, yet in a Moment lost !
Now restless Fears like tumbling Surges roll,
Now rising Hopes revive their drooping Soul !

[*Sees Granus.*]

Granus, What News from the fair Maid I love ?
Will she be kind, or does sh'obdurate prove ?

Gran. 'Tis hard, Great Sir, a Woman's Thoughts to read,
From any Words that from her Tongue proceed.

114 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

Manl. Hold me not in Suspence !—Oh, ease my Pain!
And say, dear *Granius*, say what Hopes remain.
Am I to live, or am I to despair ?
Speak boldly, and my Fate at once declare.

Gran. Then Sir, to mitigate your raging Pain,
Take *This* : ——— *This* fully will your Fate explain.

[Returns the Bracelet.

Manl. Does then the cruel Fair still scorn my Love ?
Will no Persuasions the cold Virgin move ?

Is she so very coy, so wondrous nice,
To slight a Present of so great a Price ? ———

Granius, This Treatment I can never bear. ———

Eudesia's Fetters I'll no longer wear. ———

It is resolv'd, — The beauteous Maid shall bleed, ———

And Vengeance shall my injur'd Love succeed.

— Yet hold, — Methinks she hovers round my Heart. —

My Blood runs cold. — 'Twill fatal prove to part. ———

O ! *Granius*, some new STRATAGEM contrive,

To make my dying Hopes once more revive.

Upon thy Art, thy Friendship I rely :

For if *Eudesia's* lost, I surely die.

Gran. Vengeance, my Lord, will ne'er your Love appease ;

Like Oil, 'twill make the Flame more fiercely blaze.

Some other Way your *Granius* will devise

To gain a Conquest o'er *Eudesia's* Eyes. — [Pauses }

— I have it ; — you shall wed her in Disguise.

Your scornful Fair's a superstitious Maid,

And thro' her Zeal with Ease may be betray'd.

Manl. Go on : — There's mystic Musick in thy Tongue :
Thy Words are sweeter than the Syren's Song.

Gran. Oft' she with *Lucia* to the Temple goes,
And at *Diana's* Altar pays her Vows.

The

Or, the ROYAL IMPOSTOR. 115

There you shall come, and stand before her Eyes,
In all the Pomp *Religion* can devise :

Like *Great APOTLO* come, and in his Name
Make known with sure Success thy ardent Flame.
With Gifts profuse suborn the Priestly Train ;
They'll join, and bless the pious Fraud for Gain.

Manl. Kind Statesman, I thy Politicks approve :
Take this,—as earnest of my future Love.

[*Gives him a Diamond Ring.*]

Still serve my Flame, and you shall never want
Any Reward, that *Manlius* can grant.

I'll summon all the Priests, thy *Scheme* disclose,
And bribe them high as wisely you propose.

Granius this Signet to *Octavia* bear.

Take Gold untold :—No Pains, no Cost I'll spare,
To melt into my Arms this *Frozen Fair*.

Granius goes out.

Manlius alone.

O beauteous Goddess! O bright Queen of Love,
Look down, and to my Wish propitious prove.

Oh ! let her Heart once feel thy pleasing Fire,
And breathe into her Soul some soft Desire ;

He goes out.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Granius, Lucia following him.

Luc. **G**RANIUS!

Gran. My dearest Love, I must not, dare
not stay;

But to the Temple I must haste away:

Yet 'ere I go, receive this little Store,

[Gives her a Purse of Gold.]

And if thy *Granius* prospers, think of more.—

My rising *Genius* now is busy grown,

And Fortue seems resolv'd my Worth to crown.

My Breast now glows with Thoughts of sudden State,

And *Jove* declares that *Granius* shall be great.

Luc. Let such vain Transports, *Granius*, stand confin'd,

And to thy meaner Fortunes suit thy Mind.

These Extasies would far more welcome be,

Rightly employ'd on tender Love and me.

Gran. For that we will some other Time allow;

Business of great Importance calls me now.

Thy Interest in great *Manlius* Suit I crave:

Prove but successful, and I'll be thy Slave.

Luc. A Bribe more precious *Lucia* ne'er can have.

[They go out severally.]

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

The Temple of DIANA.

Four Priests come forward, and bow to the Altar, several other Priests attending.

1st Priest. **T**O thee we bow, Great Sister of the
S U N.

2d Priest. Accept our Homage, and look kindly down.

3d Priest. Accept our Incense, and incline thine Ear,

4th Priest. And be propitious to our fervent Pray'r.

*While the Priests are performing their respective Ceremonies,
the Musick plays after a solemn Manner.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter Eudofia, Lucia, and other Attendants. The Priests turn from the Altar, and address themselves to Eudofia.

1st Priest. **H**A I L! sweet Eudofia, happiest of
thy Race!

Brightest of Forms! Thou Nature's Master-Peice.

2d Priest. Sure framing thee Heaven took unusual Care,
By its own Beauties he designed thee Fair,
And form'd thee by the best lov'd Angel there. }

3d Priest. Thy Coldness to Great Manlius can't be
blam'd ;

Thy Mortal Beauties have a God inflam'd,

4th Priest.

118 INNOCENCE BETRAY'D:

4th Priest. Our bright APOLLO has beheld thy Eyes,
And now from Heav'n, to wait on thee, he flies.

Eud. This wondrous Honour is too great to bear;
My Heart it fill'd with a Religious Fear.

1st Priest. Your Fears, tho' pious, yet all groundless prove,
Since 'tis your bounded Duty now to love.

2d Priest. O! don't presume to thwart Heav'n's great
Design,
But with Submission to the God resign.

3d Priest. So shall a Train of Joys possess thy Soul,
And heavenly Transports all thy Powers controul.

4th Priest. But if profanely you reject his Love,
Withstand his Offer, and disdainful prove,
Soon will that Bloom of Beauty fade away,
And Sickness make thy youthful Charms decay.

Eud. Yet still I doubt:—Some further Proof declare,
That you from Heav'n this wondrous Message bear.

1st Priest. Last Night as in the Temple late we
pray'd,

APOLLO call'd: We strait the *Call* obey'd,
And listen'd with Surprise to what he said.

3d Priest. Arise, said he, and to *Eudofia* go:
What Honours I've design'd her let her know.

3d Priest. Strait to the Temple let *the Maid* repair;
Soon her APOLLO will with Pomp appear.

4th Priest. Before her Eyes will Great APOLLO stand,
And from *Herself* her *Beauteous Self* demand.

Eud. I yield, I yield; new Transports fire my Breast,
Seraphic Joys too great to be express:
Uncommon Pleasures glide thro' all my Veins,
And amply recompence my former Pains.

1st Priest. Look up, bright Maid, APOLLO does appear.

2d Priest. I see him sailing in the ambient Air.

3d Priest

Or, the ROYAL IMPOSTOR. 119

3d Priest. Let all your Instruments of Musick sound,
And solemn Measures beat the hallow'd Ground.

4th Priest. Honours like these uncommon Joys demand,
Behold ! — The Great APOLLO is at hand !

A Curious Machine is seen in the Air, descending slowly : During which Movement Eudofia stands fixt with Admiration, and the Priests sing a short Hymn to APOLLO.

S C E N E VIII.

Manlius alights from the Machine, disguis'd like APOLLO ; with Mercury, and several other Celestial Attendants.

Manl. **O** H! fair *Eudofia*, than the Stars more bright !
The Graces gaze upon thee with Delight :
Not *Venus* felt has half such conquering Charms,
And *Cupid* revels in thy snowy Arms.
Fir'd by thy Eyes, I've left my Realms above,
And seek (like *Jove*) my Bliss in Mortal Love.

Eud. Without Dispute I to thy Will resign,
And, as in Duty bound, my Soul is thine.

Manl. Now then, in Honour of *Eudofia's* Name,
Our solemn Nuptials let the *Priests* proclaim :
And let the joyful Trumpets Sound declare,
EUDOSIA is as *Loving* as she's *FAIR*.



EPILOGUE.



*ALTHO' our Scenes in Antient Rome were laid,
In Fact 'twas Egypt where this FARCE
was play'd,
But that's a Bagatelle ; the MORAL's
all,*

*By which we must expect to stand or fall.
Hence then we learn the fatal Pow'r of Gold,
And how Self-Interest rul'd the Priests of Old :
How in Times past Religion was a Trade,
And Idol-Worship but a Masquerade :
How by such Arts the Virtuous were misled,
And by a too implicit Faith betray'd.*

*None here, we hope, will censure this Contrivance ;
Our Modern Gownsmen scorn such Vile Connivance.
Our Ladies too have now-a-days more Wit,
Than, like our Fair Eudofia, to be bit :
Know how more artfully to play their Game,
And make their Priest secure, not hurt their Fame.*

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LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

WISDOM and POWER with all their Charms,

Open the SHEPHERDS' Eyes;

That when Superior LOVE draws near,

The straggling Spectator sees

From Clouds of Sight, the STARS

Shine more than bright and gay

With all their radiant Angles lay

On the first vision of DAY.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT:
OR, THE
RIVAL GODDESSES.
A
PASTORAL OPERA.

As it was PERFORM'D

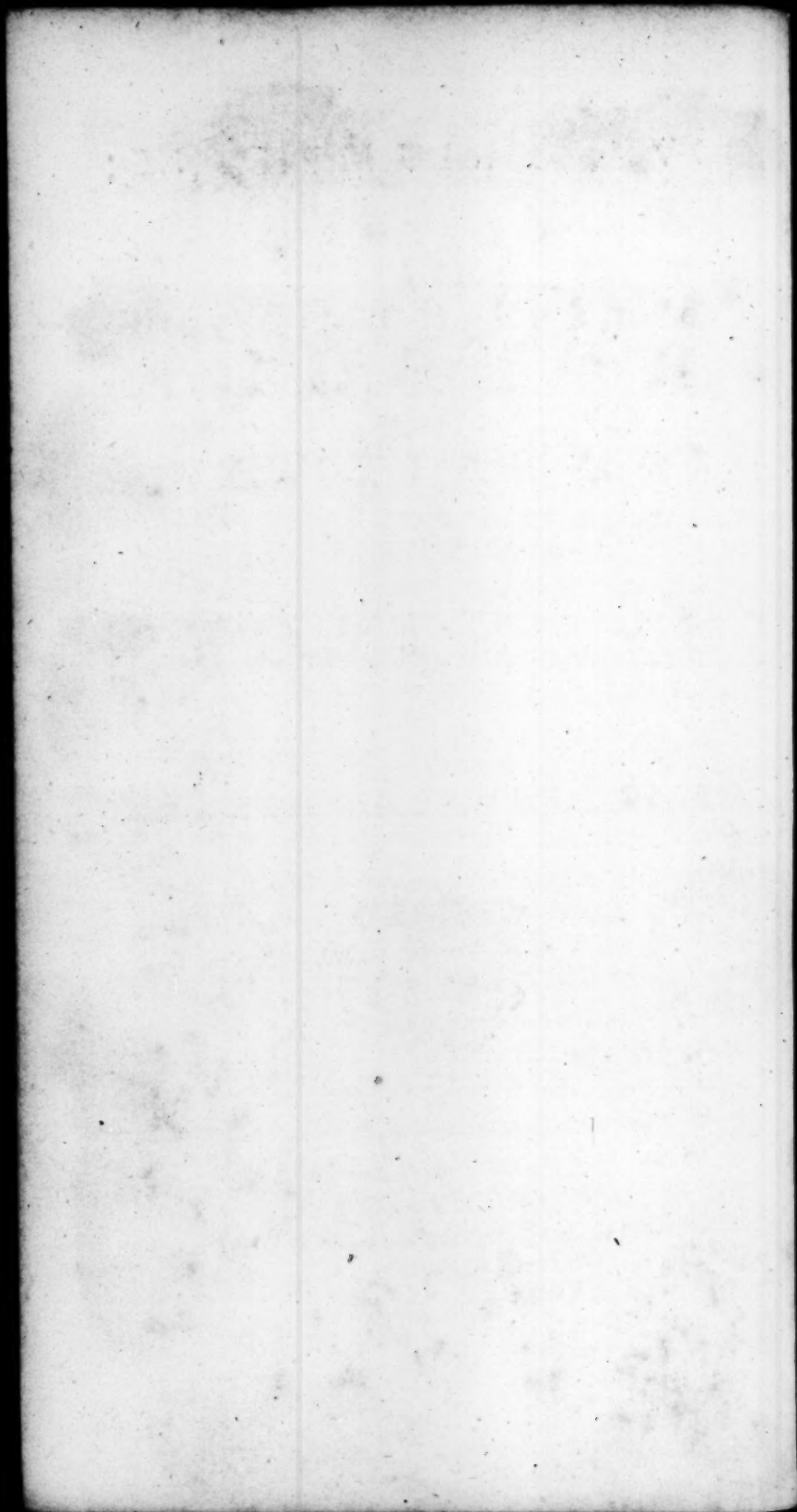
By the *Young* LADIES of Mrs. BELLAMY'S
SCHOOL, with the general Approbation of
their Friends.

Omnia vincit Amor.

OVID.



L O N D O N.
Printed for the AUTHOR.
M DCC XL.





THE
PROLOGUE.
By a FRIEND.
ON THE
ADVANTAGES

Arising from

PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENTS.



*E selfish Men monopolize the Parts
In Arms, in Trade, in Governments, in Arts
In Arms, as strongest, doubtless 'tis our Due
Perhaps in Trade, as ablest to pursue :
In Government we plead the first Decree :*

*But Women can command, as well as we :
And all must grant, that Women are as fit
For the soft Parts of Eloquence and Wit.*

*'Tis from this Thought, my Mother bid me say,
She brings To-night her Pupils into Play.
These tender Pledges, trusted to her Care,
In public Life hereafter must appear.*

THE PROLOGUE.

*From fancy'd Groves they'll pass to real Scenes :
For these to fit them is the most she means :
To tune their Voices, and improve their Air ;
Not to make Players, but to mend the Fair.*

*Ladies ! mistake not Virtue for her Shade ;
Nor think the Art as guilty as the Trade.
'Tis Ornament alone we aim to teach ;
The Grace of Motion, and the Charms of Speech.
These suit alike the Gay and the Devout ;
For great's the Diff'rence (or I'm greatly out)
Betwixt the Bus'ness and the Shine of Life,
Betwixt an Actress and a polish'd Wife.
The First of these tho' Virtue must despise,
Yet in each Youth what Transports would arise,
To hear it said of whom his Soul approves,
She speaks like PALLAS, and like JUNO moves !*

*E'en in those Nymphs, who labour but for Hix,
True Action and true Ut'rance we require.
All to what End ? — That they may copy well
Those who have known the Secret, " To excel."
In the best Actress Nature but reflects
Some bright, some finish'd Pattern of her Sex.
And in the Copy if true Charms are seen,
What should the Fair Original have been ?
What in the Mind must that Idea be,
Which pleases, tho' mimick'd in the least Degree ?*

*Our Bus'ness 'tis — Originals to raise,
And give Ideas to succeeding Days.
NATURE discovers what she forms most rare,
But leaves the Lustre to a Length of Care.
'Tis this must finish what is truly fine. —
Thus Art improves the Product of the Mine :*

Thus,

THE PROLOGUE.

*Thus, in our Hands, her Joy the Mother sees
From Child to Woman polish'd by Degrees.*

*Who knows but from the Heroines of To-night,
Some shining Character may spring to Light ;
Whose Beauty, Virtue, or superior Sense,
In living Lines may sparkle Ages hence ?
Perhaps these Scenes, imperfect as they are,
May lend one Stroke, to finish such a Fair :
A lucky Hint some Passion may disarm,
Correct some Fault, or brighten up some Charm.
Then this Essay shall furnish you with Rules ;
And what we do, be done in future Schools.*





Dramatis Personæ.

Jupiter.
Mercury.
Cupid.
Paris.

Juno.
Pallas.
Venus.
Oenone.
Florinda.

*Shepherds, Shepherdesses, the Graces, Hours, and other
Attendants.*

Scene Mount I D A.

LOVE



LOVE TRIUMPHANT:
OR, THE
RIVAL GODDESSES.

S C E N E I.

A Prospect of Mount IDA.

Jupiter and Mercury appear in the Air.

JUPITER.



A S T E, *Hermes*, haste, for Earth thy Flight
prepare;
To *Paris* this important Message bear:
Tell him that *Pallas*, and the *Queen of Love*
At Variance are with the *Great Wife of Jove*:
Tell him *All Three* will on yon Mount descend,
And by *His Judgment* their Contention end.

Give

128 LOVE TRIUMPHANT:

Give him this GOLDEN BALL:—Be *This* the Prize
Of her, who gains the Conquest o'er his Eyes.

Mer. With winged Speed I'll cut the liquid Air,
Well pleas'd, *Great Jove*, your dread Commands to bear,

*Jupiter ascends. Mercury flies downwards
and disappears.*

S C E N E II.

A Myrtle Grove.

Enter Oenone, and Florinda.

Oeno. **H**ail, Sacred Grove, thou silent, calm Retreat,
Free from the Troubles that attend the Great!
Wou'd Heav'n but smile, and prove so much my Friend,
To make my Fortune on my Wish depend;
The Pomp of Courts shou'd never tempt my Eyes,
And I'd th' *Elysian* Shades for thine despise.
How truly is the Nymph, *Florinda*, blest,
Whom NATURE, and not ART hath neatly drest!
Who manages with Care her little Store,
Lives above Want, and wishes for no more!
No anxious Cares, which Others feel, molest
The peaceful Calm that dwells within her Breast.
Whilst on the Grass her Lambkins bleating lie,
Her *Loving Swain* feasts on her lovely Eye:
Under some favourite *Myrtle's* pleasant Shade,
By kind Appointment meets the tender Maid:
There with repeated Vows his *Passion* tells:
There *She* as freely her *Pure Flame* reveals.

These

These are the Pleasures of the peaceful Grove,
And I am blest with such a *Faithful Love*.

Flor. Yonder, *Oenone*, comes thy *Lovely Swain*,
And seems to seek Thee with a pleasing Pain.

S C E N E. III.

Enter Paris to Oenone and Florinda.

Par. **W** H E R E hast thou been, thou Queen of
my Desires,

Thou dearest Partner of my softest Fires ?
With longing Eyes I've sought thee thro' the Grove ;
A Moment's Absence seems an Age in Love,

Oeno. My faithful *Paris* is my Soul's Delight,
My Wish by Day, and all my Dream by Night.
The softest Language never can impart
The secret Transports of my yielding Heart ;
While I thy beauteous Form, *Kind Swain*, survey,
And gaze with Joy my very Soul away.

Paris. My dear *Oenone's* brighter than a Star :
Stars I have seen, but ne'er saw one so fair.
Cou'd Heav'n some greater Master-piece devise,
Adorn'd with all the Glories of the Skies ;
Yet still in vain *that Nymph* shou'd rival Thee,
Unless he made another Heart for me.

Oeno. With how much Ease I, whom I love, believe,
And Want of Worth for one so good I grieve :
I'll never more remove me from thy Sight ;
Thou shalt my Guardian be, I thy delight.

Paris. For Love of thee, ev'n Queens I cou'd despise,
And own the Triumph of *Oenone's* Eyes.

Oeno.

130 LOVE TRIUMPHANT:

Oeno. Not Beds of State could half so grateful be,
As Mossy Banks, and new-fall'n Leaves with thee:

Paris. Oh! thou art dearer to my Soul than Rest
To Mariners, with Winds and Storms opprest:
More dear than to the sordid Miser Gold,
Or Pomp and Pow'r to him that's Brave and Bold.

Oeno. Oh! I cou'd ever hear thy Charming Tongue,
(Thy Voice is sweeter than the Syren's Song)
And never think the blessed Hours too long!
No *Nymph* was ever sure so truly blest,
Nor of so fond a Partner e'er possest.

Paris. No *Svain* was e'er so happy sure, to find
A *Nymph* so beauteous, and so wond'rous kind.
Oh! may our present Happiness endure
From Fortune, Time, and envious Death secure!

Oeno. Oh! may this Harmony for ever last,
And every Hour prove happier than the past!

Paris. The *Nymphs* and *Svains* shall celebrate our Bliss,
And make a PUBLICK FESTIVAL for this;
Shall all unite to entertain my FAIR,
And thy *Diversion* shall be all their Care.
Florinda, call thy jovial Partners in,
And let their *harmless Sports* forthwith begin.

[*Florinda* goes out, to give Orders for the
Interlude, and returns again. *Paris* and
Oenone seat themselves in two Chairs,
adorn'd with Flowers, and are enter-
tained with a rural Concert.

SCENE

On the Pleasures of a Country Life.

The S O N G.

I.

HOW happy are the *Nymphs* and *Swains*,
Who dwell on the *Idalian* Plains!
No Cares break in upon their Ease,
But all is Harmony and Peace.

Chor. *No Cares break in, &c.*

II.

The *Nymphs* without a Frown appear,
And look as pleasant as they're Fair:
Each does her faithful Part'ner prize,
And meets him with consenting Eyes.

Chor. *Each does her faithful, &c.*

III.

No distant Airs they know, or Arts,
To torture their poor Lovers Hearts;
But freely they disclose their Mind,
And prove as constant as they're kind.

Chor. *But freely they disclose, &c.*

IV.

Thus, like the *first blest Pair*, they live,
And Joys reciprocally give;

Thus

132 LOVE TRIUMPHANT:

Thus spend their Days without Offence,
In Godlike Love and Innocence.

Chor. *Thus spend their Days, &c.*

*After the SONG, Paris and Oenone close the
the Interlude with a grand Figure Dance.
The Rural Diversions over, Paris, Oenone,
and Florinda sit down again.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Mercury to Paris, Oenone, and Florinda.

Mer. **F**ROM high Olympus, and the Realms above,
Behold I come from the great Thund'rer
J O V E.

Shepherd, arise, and leave thy Rural Care,
All rise, and pay their Homage to Mercury.

To listen to the Message which I bear.

Regard no more thy Crook, and tuneful Reed;

Forbear henceforth thy fleecy Flocks to feed;

For thou to greater Honours are decreed.

Paris. Say, *Hermes*, say, why dost thou seek this Plain,
To greet so kindly such a lowly Swain?—

What does the mighty Thunderer ordain?

Mer. This radiant Fruit, which here I grasp behold!

Brighter by far than any burnish'd Gold.

For this three beauteous Goddesses contend;

For this alone they now to Earth descend.

By J O V E commissioned take the golden Prize,

And give it her who has the fairest Eyes.

*[Delivers him the golden Ball
Paris]*

Or, the RIVAL GODDESSES. 133

Paris. O rising Joy ! O ravishing Delight !
What Mortal can support the glorious Sight ?
Alas ! my Eyes too weak : No human Brain
Is able so much Rapture to sustain.
I faint, I fall, O *Hermes* take me hence,
E're Extasy invades my aching Sense.
Oh ! Help me, quickly help me, or I die,
And fall a *Victim* to Excess of Joy.

Mer. Shepherd, be bold, with Freedom view *each Face*,
Discover *every Charm*, and *every Grace* :
Altho' *ten Thousand Darts* should fly around,
Thou shalt survey them all without a *Wound*.
Happy art thou above all human Race ;
The GODS *themselves* with thee would change their
Place.

Paris. Happy I am, altho' of human Race ;
Nor with the GODS would I exchange my Place.

Mer. Behold, *Heav'n's* *beauteous Goddesses* appear,
And sail with Splendor thro' the ambient Air.

[*Mercury goes out, and Paris turns to Oenone.*

Paris. My dear *Oenone*, for a while be gone,
I'll wait on thee before the setting Sun :
Then on thy Bosom I'll recline my Head,
And tell thee all that *Heaven's* *bright Queens* have said.

Oeno. 'Till the Sun sets, my dearest *Swain* farewell,

[*She retires to a Corner of the Stage.*

[*Aside.*] I like not this : Yet why I cannot tell :

My boding Heart presages something Ill.

Something, I fear, will interrupt our Love ;

Some *new-born Hopes* may teach *his Heart* to rove,

And I should die should he *inconstant* prove.

[*She goes out.*

Paris

N

Paris alone.

My Pulse beats high, and all my Blood's on Fire:
Methinks, I hear the *soft angelick Choir*,
In most harmonious most extatick Lays,
Extol *their Virtues*, and *their Beauties* praise.

[*She retires to one Corner of the Stage.*
The Goddeses are seen at a Distance descending in a golden Chariot drawn by Peacocks.

SCENE V.

Enter Juno, Pallas, and Venus, to Paris.

Juno. SATURNIA, Wife of Thund'ring Jove,
am I,

Belov'd by *him*, and *Empress* of the Sky.
First, *Shepherd*, fix on *me* thy wond'ring Sight:
Beware, and view me well, and judge aright.

Pal. This Way: Oh! this Way bend thy wond'ring
Eyes;

'Tis Pallas claims the glorious golden Prize:
A *Virgin-Goddes* free from any Stain,
And *Queen of Arts*, and *warlike Arms* I reign.

Venus. Hither: Oh! hither turn thee, *gentle Swain*,
Shall VENUS sue, and shall *she* sue in vain?

'Tis VENUS only rules the GODS above,
'Tis LOVE rules them, and *she alone* rules Love.

Paris. I'm all *Confusion*—How shall I decide?—
A Title sure so equal ne'er was try'd.

You

Or, the RIVAL GODDESSES. 135

Your *Beauties* thus united dim my Sight,
And I at *random* gaze, o'erwhelm'd with *too much Light*
Then let me view *apart* each heav'nly Fair ;
For *three* at once no mortal Eye can bear.

[*Pallas and Venus retired to one
Side of the Stage.*

Juno. Let great Ambition, *Shepherd*, fire thy Heart,
And all thy Aims keep Pace with thy *Desert*.
Forfake thy *Crook*, and leave the *humble Plain*,
For thou wert born o'er all *Mankind* to reign.
Scepters and *Crowns* beneath thy Feet I'll throw,
And Peace and Plenty shall around thee flow.
This, this shall be thy Fate, if mine's the *Prize*,
And with *Success* I mount the *azure Skies* :
If in my *Lap* the Golden Ball be hurl'd,
That Moment thou art *Monarch* of the World.

[*She retires, and Pallas comes forward.*

Pal. Wake, *Mortal*, wake ; thy drooping *Spirits* raise,
And waste no more *Sloth* in thy youthful Days.
Reign thy *Crook*, and leave the *flow'ry Plain* ;
Oh ! Sooth the *Nymphs* no more, my gentle *Savain*,
Nor ever touch thy *tuneful Pipe* again. }
Thy *rural Sports*, thy *wanton Dances* cease,
And quit, at once, this *soft, inglorious Ease*.
Hark ! *Shepherd*, hark ! the glorious Voice of War }
Now calls thee forth, and cries, *For Arms prepare* :
Hark ! How the *martial Musick* charms the *Air* ! }
The *ratling Drums* their *cheerful Marches* beat,
And *concaue Rocks* the gen'rous *Sounds* repeat.
Let a *fresh Ardour* in thy Bosom rise,
And *restless Glory* sparkle in thy *Eyes*.
I'll give thee *Courage* to confront the *Brave*,
And what thy *Fancy* dictates thou shalt have.

136 LOVE-TRIUMPHANT:

Thy *Foes* shall at thy Feet all prostrate lie,
 And at *thy awful Nod*, shall live or die.
 O! think what Transports ev'ry Conquest yields
 The *Victor*, marching from the *bloody Fields*!
 O! think how *great*, how *glorious* 'tis to see
 The Godlike *Hero* flush'd with Victory!
 To see *his Head* with Wreaths of *Laurel* crown'd,
 And hear *FAME's golden Trump* his Praises sound!
 To *me*, kind Swain, the glorious Prize resign,
 And *Fame*, and certain *Conquest* shall be thine.

[*Pallas retires, and Venus comes forwards.*]

Venus. Stop, lovely Youth, thy Choice a while delay,
 And hear what *Cytherea* has to say.
 Let not *Ambition* rob thee of thy Ease;
 Nor for *false Glory* quit the *Charms of Peace*.
 Drive from thy Soul all Fear, and anxious Care;
 The Pomp of *Empire's* but a gilded Snare.
 O! think how fickle is the *Warrior's Fate*,
 And what distracting Cares attend the *great*!
 One only *Joy* Mankind can truly know,
 And *Love alone* that Blessing can bestow.
 Kind *Nature* fram'd thee sure alone for *Love*!
 And all that see thee must *thy Form* approve.
Thy Form is so adorn'd with every Grace,
 That *Venus* looks with Pleasure on *thy Face*.
 Happy's the *Nymph* that's circled in *thy Arms*,
 Altho' the Mistress of *ten thousand Charms*.
 Should beauteous *Helen* once *thy Shape* survey,
 With Pleasure she would gaze her Heart away.
 Soon would the Queen all other Joys despise,
 And own the Triumph of thy conqu'ring Eyes.
 To *me*, kind Swain, the *Golden Ball* resign,
 And that Fair *matchless Beauty* shall be thine.

Paris.

Or, the RIVAL GODDESSES. 137

Paris. I yield, I yield, O *Venus!* take the Prize;
All *Cupid's* Darts are in thy lovely Eyes.
O, beauteous *Queen!* O, *Goddeſs of Deſire!*
Forbear to fan my raging Paſſions higher;
With greater Joys my raviſh'd Soul to move,
And be propitious to my ardent Love.

[*Venus draws near to Paris, and
Juno comes forwards.*

Juno. Audacious *Mortal,* thus to ſlight my *Love!*
My boundleſs Offers thus to diſapprove!
Strait I'll aſcend the Skies; to *Jove* appeal;
To *Jove* thy partial Judgement I'll reveal.
Juſtly Thou'ſt drawn his Vengeance on thy Head,
And with his Thunder he ſhall ſtrike the dead.

[*She goes out, and Pallas comes forward.*

Pallas. Ungrateful *Shepherd,* thus to give the Prize!
And thus the *Queen of Arts and Arms* deſpiſe!
Thou ſhall not long adore thy *Helen's* Charms;
I'll fright thee with the glorious Din of Arms.
The *Spartan Chiefs* ſhall ſoon thy Peace deſtroy,
Spight of thy Favourite *Venus* and her Boy.
Soon to thy Coſt, thou, partial *Youth,* ſhalt know
What 'tis *War's Goddeſs,* thus provok'd, can do.

[*She goes out.*

Paris. My Judgment's paſt, and all your Threats are
vain:

Revenge your *Cauſe*—To mighty *Jove* complain——
To beauteous *Venus* I'll for Refuge fly,
And if *She* can't protect me, then I'll die.

[*He goes out with Venus Hand
in Hand.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Oenone and Florinda.

Oeno. **S**URE some ill Planet rul'd when I was born!
Oenone's lost, forsaken, and forlorn.

Oh! my prophetic Fears were all too just,
And my fond Heart did soon this Change mistrust.
Oh! may that Day be blotted from the Year,
When Paris first did on these Plains appear!
Oh! that I'd mingled with the common Throng,
And never listen'd to his perjur'd Tongue!
How happy once I was! — but sure my Fate
Rais'd high my Joys to make my Pains more great;
She brought indeed a glorious Scene to View;
But soon alas! that pleasing Scene withdrew.

So when a Prisoner from his Window spies
A flow'ry Plain, he feasts his greedy Eyes;
But when he turns, and hears his ratling Chains,
The Prospect serves but to encrease his Pains.

Lead me, Florinda, to some dismal Gloom,
Where the Sun's chearful Rays can never come:
There let me spend my last Remains of Life,
In Floods of Sorrow, and incessant Grief.

Flor. My dear Oenone, hear Florinda speak;
Upon thy Friend some kind Compassion take,
And don't two Hearts at once unkindly break.
Cease, cease thy Tears; upon my Arm recline.
I'll bear my Part; let half thy Grievs be mine.
Forget his Treatment, and no more complain,
But meet his sudden Coldness with Disdain.

Let

Or, the RIVAL GODDESSES. 139

Let not Despair thus wreck thy tender Breast ;
I'll sing, and tune thy tortur'd Soul to rest.

Oenone. If aught in Nature sure cou'd ease my Pain,
Make me in Love with Life, and be myself again ;
I own, Florinda, it cou'd only be
Th' Enjoyment of so true, so dear a Friend as thee.
Musick has Charms I've heard to soften Rocks,
To temper Brutes, and bend the knotted Oaks :
Why then, shou'd I alone excepted be ?
Why should thy Musick have no Pow'r o'er me ?
Perhaps, thy soothing Sounds my Heart may cure,
And I may feel these anxious Pains no more.

[She sits down in an easy Chair.

FLORINDA Sings.

SONG.

THE worsts of Ills may Paris know,
For wronging poor Oenone so :
To win her Heart, and then to prove
So Base and False, as not to love.
O Cupid ! Strike the Perjur'd Swain,
And make him feel the raging Pain
Of ardent Love, and cold Disdain.

Oenone rises.

Oeno. Thanks to my Friend, methinks I see new Life,
And Scorn arises in the Room of Grief.
I'll go this Moment and upbraid the Swain,
And ne'er will trust deceitful Man again.

[She goes out.
Flor.

140 LOVE TRIUMPHANT:

Flor. O! that her Heart with *Love* no more may burn!
But much I fear, *her Fondrieſs* will return.

[*Goes out after her.*]

SCENE VII.

*Enter Paris, Venus, Cupid, the Graces, Hours, and
other Attendants.*

Cup. ATTEND, ye *Graces*, and ye gentle *Loves*,
Ye *billing Sparrows*, and ye *cooing Doves* ;
To this bleſt Place, ye *flying Hours* reſort,
Come all the numerous Train of *Venus*' Court,
In Concert join to ſing my *Mother's Name* ;
With chearful Voice her great *Success* proclaim
O'er *gilded Empires*, and the *Pride of Fame*.
O! ſing, and ſpread the joyful *News* around,
The *Queen of Love* is *Queen of Beauty* crown'd.

[*After Venus is ſeated in her Tri-
umphal Chair by Paris, and all
the Attendants are rang'd in order
round about her, one of the Graces
ſings the following Song.*]

SONG

S O N G.

*Address'd to Paris and Venus, on the Determination of the
GOLDEN PRIZE.*

I.

L E T Love's Goddess sooth thy Mind,
Guard no more thy *fleecy Flock* :
Thou'rt for greater Joys design'd,
Leave the *Plain*, and quit thy Crook :
Cho. *Thou'rt for greater, &c.*

II.

Softest Sounds shall strike thine Ear,
Thou shalt revel in Delight :
War's Alarms thou ne'er shalt hear,
Nothing shall thy *Soul* afright.
Cho. *War's Alarms, &c.*

III.

Dread not *Juno's* angry Frown,
Pallas' Arms and Arts disdain ;
Gods themselves Love's Power own,
Thou o'er *Love* himself dost reign.
Cho. *Gods themselves, &c.*

IV.

Goddeſs of Deſire, hail !
Wondrous Magick's in thy Eyes :
Charms like thine muſt needs prevail,
Juſtly Thou has won the Prize,
Cho. *Charms like thine, &c.*

V.

V.

Jove himself would partial prove,
 Should his Wrath the *Swains* pursue:
 Had Thy Cause been try'd *Above*,
 He had given *The BALL* to You.
 Cho. *Had Thy Cause*, &c.

Cup. Now to conclude our Joys let's all advance,
 And grace her Triumph with a chearful Dance.

[*A Figure Dance, and several other
 Dances. The Triumph ended, all
 the Attendants pay their Obedience
 to Venus and Paris, and go off in
 order Two and Two.*]

Venus. Now farewell, *Paris*, I'll ascend the Skies,
 And shew all round the Heav'ns my glorious Prize:
 There a new Triumph shall compleat my Joys.
 How will my *Mars* be pleased, my God of War,
 When I in Publick shall my Trophies bear!
 With what extatick Joy will *Vulcan* come,
 To welcome his successful Partner Home.

But e're I go one Secret I'll declare,
 Which thoult with Pleasure and with Wonder hear.
 Thou art no Shepherd but a Monarch's Son,
 And thro' thy Veins Great *Priam's* Blood does run.
 Therefore, no more the flow'ry Plains frequent,
 But let thy Thoughts on nobler Views be bent.
 Go, bid thy gentle Nymphs and Swains Adieu,
 For thou must nobler Joys, and brighter Charms pursue.

All

Or, the RIVAL GODDESSES. 143

All lesser Beauties thou must now despise,
And strive to captivate fair *Helen's* Eyes.
Fear not *Success*; to *Jove* thy Cause I'll move,
And he will hear; for thou'rt ally'd to *Jove*.
Be bold, and with the Queen to *Troy* repair:
I'll be thy *guardian Goddess*, and protect thee there.

Paris. Goddess divine, my humblest Thanks I pay,
And I'll with Joy thy *kind Commands* obey.
This Moment I'll *Oenone's* Fetters break,
And range the World for fair Queen *Helen's* Sake.
I lov'd *Oenone* while an *humble Swain*:
But now a *Prince*, I am myself again.

[*He goes out with Venus Hand in Hand.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Juno and Pallas.

Juno. **P**ALLAS, to *Jove* I have complain'd in vain,
Which gives me, tho' *immortal*, mortal Pain.
I scarce can tell which 'tis provokes me most,
My Husband's *Coldness*, or my Wish thus crost.

Pal. My *Disappointment* is as great as thine;
Therefore with *Force united* let us join
To vex our *Rival*, and her favourite *Swain*,
And fill with *Horror* all the *Trojan Plain*.

Juno. Agreed: To *Menelaus* strait I'll go,
Rouse up his Wrongs, and teach him what to do:

A numerous Fleet the *Spartans* shall prepare,
And plague *old Troy* with a long tedious War.

Pal. I like your *Thought*: Your Motion's wondrous good;
Troy shall be ranfack'd, and be dy'd with Blood.
Tell him that *Pallas* will direct his Arms,
Espouse his Cause, and save him from all Harms.
Amidst his Fleet invisible I'll be,
And crown him with undoubted Victory.
Soon to his Cost, the proud, imperious Boy
Shall wish he'd never heard, or thought of *Troy*;
Wish he had never the fair *Helen* seen,
Or to *Oenone* false, and faithless been:
Soon shall he own, and that with weeping Eyes,
That *Pallas* should have had the golden Prize.

[*They go out together.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Oenone weeping, and Florinda following her.

Flor. **T**HINK, think no more on the false perjur'd
Swain;
He's fled to *Troy*, and all thy Sighs are vain.
No more lament thy cruel, wayward Fate;
Strephon's more constant, tho' he's not so great:
Strephon with Pride would the Youth's Place supply,
Adore thy Charms, and for *Oenone* die.

Oeno. O! Name him not: I hate th'ambitious Swain.
Long has he sued indeed, but sued in vain.
No;—Since my once-lov'd *Paris* proves untrue,
I'll bid the *Groves*, and all the *Swains* adieu.

How

Or, the RIVAL GODDESSES. 145

How oft has he invok'd the Powers divine
To witness he'd be *Constant*, ever mine !
What cruel Stars, his Kindness to prevent,
Curs'd him with Pow'r, and ruined my Content ;
Whisper'd *Renown* and *Glory* in his Ear,
And cry'd, *Let Helen be thy only Care !*
Forsake the *Plains*, thy Shepherd's Weeds lay down ;
Change *Crooks* for *Scepters*, *Garlands* for a *Crown !*
Oh! fatal *Pomp*, that could so soon divide
What *Love* and all our Vows so firmly ty'd !
Farewel, *Florinda*, I must now be gone.

Flor. Whither, Oh! whither would *Oenone* run ?

Oeno. Boldly I'll venture on some Land unknown ;
It cannot use me worse than this has done.
In distant *Climes* I will my Fate deplore
On a lone Isle, or some forsaken Shore ;
Where I may listen to false *Man* no more.

Flor. Couldst thou then go, and leave me here behind ?
Oenone sure could ne'er be so unkind.

To part with Thee my bleeding Heart would break ;
I love the *Groves*, but for *Oenone's* sake.

Oeno. Then thus united let's together fly ;

[*They join Hands.*]

Live *vestal Virgins*, *vestal Virgins* die.

Since Crowns and Falshood are consistent Things,
Since some are Base, and Perjur'd who are Kings,
I'll envy not my Shepherd's prosp'rous Fate,
Nor wish with Loss of Virtue to be GREAT.



THE
EPILOGUE.

By WAY of
DIALOGUE

Between

VENUS and CUPID.

CUPID.



*O W, my Mamma, once more let you and I
Our Pow'r united o'er the Audience try.
Unless we can their Approbation get,
Our Triumph will at last prove incomplete.
Venus. Fie Cupid, fie ; can'st think the
Queen of Love,*

*Who can command all the gay Gods above,
Can amongst Mortals unsuccessful prove ?
No, Child—If any frown, I'll make them smart.*

*Cupid. And I, Mamma, will shoot them thro' the Heart
Venus. Well ! these are fine celestial Airs, I own :
But now 'tis Time to lay our Godships down.
Here I divest myself of Charms divine.*

[Throws away her Scepter on one Side.

Cupid. And I my Bow and Arrows here resign.

*[Throw them on the other Side.
Venus*

THE EPILOGUE.

Venus. Now then we'll humbly make our joint Address,
And as we're Mortals both, both beg Success.—

Mine be the Men,——the Ladies, be thy Care.

Cupid. Agreed :——Do you begin—I'll close the Pray'r.

Venus. As timorous Sailors, when the Surges beat,

And rouse th' old Ocean from his calm Retreat,

With aching Hearts behold the Tempest rise,

And wish to make the Shore with weeping Eyes ;

Yet when the Wind's allay'd, all Sorrow's gone,

Thoughtless of Dangers past all venture on,

And one calm Hour does for the Storm atone :

So we, when we appear in publick View,

Are apprehensive of each Look from you ;

Fearful lest our Attempt your Frowns should raise,

And meet with Censure, whilst we aim at Praise ;

But when we find that you espouse our Cause,

And raise our drooping Spirits with Applause,

With a fresh Ardour we our Task renew,

And spare no Pains to be approv'd by you.

Cupid. To you kind Ladies we for Refuge fly,

Let your good Nature our Defects supply.

Your wonted Charms let generous Smiles display,

And drive our little Fears like Mists away.

Accept of what we've done, tho' done amiss,

And with Applause our harmless Sports dismiss.

ANOTHER EPILOGUE

In Praise of DANCING.

Spoken at the Close of a BALL, in which this
Performance was introduced.

YOUR Cynick Sages, dull unpolish'd Fellows,
*With formal Cant, and rigid Satire tell us,
That Dancing is an idle wanton Fashion,
The vain Amusement of as vain a Nation ;
That the young Ladies should avoid such Schools,
And only move by frozen Virtue's Rules.*

*I own these sober Maxims partly right ;
Virtue's a Gem that shines with native Light ;
But when 'tis polish'd, 'tis supremely bright.*

*Let rosy Youth embloom the sprightly Fair,
And Beauty mould her with a Lover's Care,
If Motion to the whole denies its Grace,
In vain wou'd Beauty recommend the Face ;
With blunted Charms, and unavailing Eyes,
Such aukward Maids relinquish Beauty's Prizes.*

*'Tis Dancing only heightens every Charm,
And gives each Feature double Power to warm ;
Like Goddesses instructs the Fair to move,
And adds a Juno to the Queen of Love.*

*At Balls gay Cupid takes his fav'rite Stand,
And gives the blushing Maid to Hymen's Hand :
Glad Hymen woos the Virgin into Wife,
And leads her thro' the various Dance of Life :
That Partner lost, and Age advancing on,
We sighing say, our dancing Days are done.*

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THE MOUNTAIN RANGE



G. Bickham junr. inv. & sc.

THREE
SELECT SCENES

IN
ITALIAN and ENGLISH,

Of a celebrated

Musical Entertainment,

Entitled

IL PASTOR FIDO.

Written Originally By

G U A R I N I.

Dolce Vita amorosa !

GUAR.



L O N D O N.

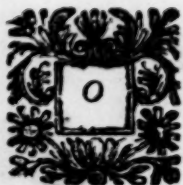
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ATTO PRIMO. SCENA PRIMA.

Silvio, Linco.

LINCO.



*S'una sola
Volta l'amor provassi, ò Silvio;
Se sapessi una volta
Qual è grazia, e ventura
L'esser amato, il possedere amando*

*U:riamante core,
Sò ben io che diresti,
Dolce vita amorosa
Perche sì tardi nel mio cor venisti?
Lascia, lascia le selve
Folle garzon, lascia le fere, ed ama.*

*Silvio. Linco, di pur se sai,
Mille Ninfe darei per una fera.
Che da Melampo mio cacciato fosse,
Godasi queste gioie,
Chi n' hà di me più gusto, io non le sento.*

*Linco. E, che sentirai tu s'amor non senti,
Sola cagion di ciò, che sente il Mondo?
Ma credimi fanciullo,
A tempo il sentirai,
Che tempo non harrai.*

Aia

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Silvio and Linco.

LINCO.



H, *Silvio!*

Hadst thou e'er tasted the extatick Plea-
sure,

Truly to love, and be belov'd again,

Thy adamantine Heart would quickly
soften;

Soon would'st thou cherish the fond Flame within thee;

Soon would'st thou think thy present Life insipid,

And murmur to have liv'd so long without it.

No more the Pleasures of the Woods approve:

Leave, leave all other Sports for godlike Love.

Silv. Talk not to me of thy fantastic Flames:

I tell thee, *Linco*, that I value more

One brindled Boar, by my *Melampo* caught,

Than Thousands of those Nymphs thou so extol'st.

Let those, who have a nicer Taste than I,

The Beauties of the Plains with Pride enjoy;

I cannot relish such Society.

Linc. Silvio, thy Soul is out of Tune.——

But have a Care; the Hour will one Day come,

When thou must own Love's soft Supremacy.

Sooner

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“ *Vuol una volta amor ne' cuori nostri*
 “ *Mostrar quant' egli vale.*
Credi à me pur, che'l provo,
 “ *Non è pena maggiore,*
 “ *Che' n vecchie membra il pizzicor d' Amore,*
 “ *Che mal si può sanar quel che s'offende,*
 “ *Quanto più di sanarlo altri procura :*
 “ *Se'l giovinetto core Amor ti pugne,*
 “ *Amor anco te lugne :*
 “ *Se col duolo il tormento,*
 “ *Con la speme il consola :*
 “ *E s' un tempo l'ancide, il fine alsana.*
 “ *Ma s' e' ti giunge in quella fredda etate,*
 “ *Ove il proprio difetto*
 “ *Più, che la colpa altrui spesso si piagne,*
 “ *Al' hora insopportabile, e mortali,*
 “ *Son le sue piaghe, al' hor le pene acerbe :*
 “ *Al' hora se pietà tu cerchi, male*
 “ *Se non la trovi , e se la trovi peggio.*
 “ *Deh non ti procacciar prima del tempo*
 “ *I defetti del tempo,*
 “ *Che se t' assale à la canuta etate*
 “ *Amoroso talento*
 “ *Havrai doppio tormento,*
 “ *E di quel, che potendo non volesti,*
 “ *E di quel, che volendo non potrai.*
Lascia, lascia le selve,
Folle garzon, lascia le fere, ed ama
 Silv. Come vita non sia
Se non quella, che nutre
 Amorosa insanabile follia.

Sooner or later, once he triumphs o'er us,
 Asserts his Right, and claims our due Allegiance.
 Believe me, *Silvio*,
 (For I, by sad Experience, know the Truth on't.)
 No greater Pain can Mortal undergo,
 Than in his Evening, his Decline of Life,
 To feel the sharp, the piercing Stings of Love :
 For then, no Cure can for the Wound be found,
 And every Application when renew'd
 Does but enflame, and make it rage the more.
 When e'er in *Youth* he strikes his Arrows deep,
 He quickly cures himself the Wounds he makes ;
 Eases his Patient's Pains with future Hopes,
 And with a Smile atones for former Frowns.
 But if his Arrows once transfix the Old,
 (Who cannot attribute their Nymphs Disdain
 To any Thing but the Decay of Nature)
 Then are the Wounds he makes incurable,
 And all their Pains too sharp for human Suffrance.
 Prithee, dear *Silvio*, do not hasten on thee
 The Curse of Time, before the Time appointed ;
 For, Oh ! to learn to love, when thou art old,
 Will sting thy drooping Soul with double Torture.
 How wilt thou then upon thyself reflect,
 That in thy Youth thou did Love's Charms neglect !
No more the Pleasures of the Woods approve :
Leave, leave all other Sports for godlike Love.
Silv. As if there were no Pleasures to pursue,
 But those which you fantastick Lovers know.

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Linc. Dimmi, s'en questa sì ridente, e vaga
 Stagion, che'nfora, e rinovella il mondo,
 Vedeſſi in vece de fiorite piagge,
 Di verdi prati, e di veſtite ſelve,
 Starſi il pino, e l'abete, e'l faggio, e l'orno
 Senza l'uſata lor frondosa chioma,
 Senz' herbe i prati, e ſenza fiori i poggi,
 Non direſti tù Silvio, il mondo langue?
 La natura vien meno? or quell' horrors;
 E quella maraviglia, che devreſti
 Di novità sì moſtruosa havere,
 " Habila di te ſteſſo. Il Ciel n'hà dato
 " Vita à gli anni conforme, ed à l'etate
 " In canuti penſier ſi diſconviene,
 " Così la gioventù d'amor nemica
 " Contraſta al Cielo, & la natura offende.
 Mira d'intorno, Silvio,
 Quanto il mondo hà di vago, e di gentile,
 Opra è d'Amore. Amante è il Cielo; amante
 La terra; amante il mare.
 Quella, che là sù miri innanzi à l'alba
 Così leggiadra ſtella,
 Ama d'amor anch' ella, e del ſuo figlio
 Sente le fiamme: ed eſſa, ch'ennamora
 Innamorata ſplende:
 E queſta è forſe l' hora,
 Che le furtive ſue dolcezze, e'l ſeno
 Del caro amante laſſa.
 Vedila pur come favilla, e ride.
 Amano per le ſelve
 Le moſtruoſe fere, aman per l'onde
 Il veloci deſſini, e l'orche gravi.
 Quell' augellin, che canta
 Sì dolcemente, e laſcivetto vola

Linc. Tell me if in the joyial Month of *May*,
When the gay Earth is deck'd in all her Glory,
Should'st thou, instead of verdant flow'ry Meads,
Instead of shady Groves and purling Streams,
Behold the Pine, the Ash, the Oak, all leafless ;
The Ground without a Flow'r, the Floods congeal'd,
Would'st thou not say, that Nature was inverted,
The Universe was sick, and just expiring ?
Now, *Silvio*, turn thy Eyes upon thyself,
And thou wilt see a *Prodigy* in Nature,
As horrible as this : To different Ages,
Heaven has bestow'd Diversity of Passions :
And as fond Love but ill becomes the Old,
So he that's Young, and disregards the Fair,
Thwarts the Design of Nature and of Heav'n,
Silvio, look round: —————

Examine all the Works of the Creation.
And thou wilt find 'em all th' Effects of Love.
Dost thou not see yon Messenger of Day ?
Ev'n she herself does *Cupid's* Pow'r obey.
This Moment sure she left her God of War,
She looks so gay and so divinely fair.
Love fires the Beasts that haunt the desert Woods,
And bulky Whales that lord it in the Floods.
The Nightingale, that tunes his warbling Throat,
And strikes thine Ear with such a pleasing Note,

Hor da l'abete al faggio,
 Et hor dal faggio al mirto,
 S'haveffe humano spirito,
 Direbbe, Ardo d'amore, ardo d'amore :
 Ma ben arde nel core,
 E parla in sua favella,
 Sì che l'intende il suo desio :
 Et odi à punto, Silvio,
 Il suo dolce desio,
 Che gli risponde, Ardo d'amore anch'io.
 Mugge in mandra l'armento, e que' muggiti
 Sono amorosi inviti.
 Rugge il Leone al bosco :
 Nè quel ruggito è d'ira,
 Così d'amor sospira.
 Al fine ama ogni cosa
 Se non tu Silvio, e sarà Silvio Sola ;
 In Cielo, in terra, in mare
 Anima senza amore ?
 Deh lascia homai le selve,
 Follè garzon, lascia le fere, ed ama.
 Silv. A te dunque commessa
 Fù la mià verde età, perche d'amori,
 E di pensieri effeminati, e molli
 Tu l'haveffi à nudrir ? nè ti souviene
 Chi sè tu, chi son' io ?
 Linco. Huomo sono, e mi pregio
 D'esser humano : e teco, che sì huomo,
 O che più tosto esser devresti, parlo
 Di cosa humana, e se di cotal nome
 Forse ti s'ègni, guarda
 Che nel dishumanarti
 Non di-venghi una fera, anzi che un Dio.

That wantonly from Beach to Beach does move,
 Could he but speak, would say, I burn with Love.
 Love sparkles in his little wanton Eyes,
 And his soft Warblings Want of Speech supplies.
 His pretty tender Mate knows what they mean,
 And listens to them with a pleasing Pain.
 The *lusty Bull* ranges the Pastures round,
 And bellows as he runs, and spurns the Ground ;
 But then those awful Sounds, those Gestures prove
 Not the Result of Anger, but of Love.
 The Lion roars within the desert Wood,
 More for his absent Mate than Want of Food.
 In short, there's no created Thing, but thee,
 That is from Love's Almighty Power free.
 And shall my *Silvio* no Devotion pay
 To him, that bears such universal Sway ?
No more the Pleasures of the Woods approve :
Leave, leave all other Sports for god-like Love.

Silv. Were then my tender blooming Years, dost think,
 Entrusted to thy Care for nothing else,
 But to attend thy soft romantic Lectures,
 Thy love-sick Stories, which my Soul abhors ?
 Pray, *Linco*, recollect thyself, and know
 The Inequality there is betwixt us.

Linc. I am a Man, proud Youth, and thou'rt no more
 And glory in my mortal Composition.
 If thy ambitious Soul disdains the Title,
 And takes her Flight beyond a human Pitch,
 Take Care thou doesn't sink beneath ev'n Manhood,
 In aiming to be something more than Man.

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*Silv. No sì famoso mai, ne mai sì forte
Stato s'arebbe il domator de' mostri,
Dal cui gran fonte il sangue mie deriva,
Se' non havesse pria domato Amore.*

*Linc. Vedi Cieco fanciul, come vaneggi,
Dove saresti tù, dimmi, s'amante
Stato non fosse il tuo famoso Alcide ?
Anzi se guerre winsè, e mostri ancise,
Gran parte Amor ve n'hebbe. Ancor non sai,
Che per piacer ad Onfale, non pure
Velle cangiar in femminili spoglie
Del feroce Leon l'hispido tergo.*

*Ma de la Clava noderosa in vece
Trattar il fuso, e la conocchi a imbelle ?
Così de le fatiche, & di gli affanni
Prendea ristoro, e nel bel sen di lei,
Quasi in porto d'Amor solea ritrarsi ;*

" Che sono i suoi sospir dolci respiri

" De le passate noie, e quasi acuti

" Stimoli al cor ne le future imprese.

" E come il rozzo, ed intrattabil ferre

" Temprato con più tenero metallo

" Affina sì, che sempre, e più resiste,

" E peruso nobile s'adopra ;

" Così vigor indomito, e feroce,

" Che nel proprio furor spesso si rompe,

" Se con le sue dolcezze Amor il tempera,

" Diviene à l'opra generoso, e forte.

Se d'esser dunque imitator tu brami

D'Ercole invilitto, e suo degno nipote ;

Poi che lasciar non vuoi le selve, almeno

seguì le selve, e non lasciar amore ;

Un amor sì legittimo, e sì degno,

Silv. My great, my valiant Grandfire *Hercules*,
Who quell'd the savage Monsters of the Woods,
Whose Blood runs briskly thro' my youthful Veins,
Had never been recorded in Fame's Annals,
Had he not first subdu'd that Monster, *Love*.

Linc. Pride and Ambition, *Silvio*, blind thy Reason.
Where hadst thou been ? How, pray, hadst thou been
born,

Had thy *Alcides* never felt Love's Pow'r ?
Nay all the glorious Actions he perform'd,
The many Conquests that he gain'd in Battle,
Were all the Effects of this Almighty Passion.
Hast thou not heard, how the Fair *Omphale*
Made him confess the Triumph of her Eyes,
And bound him Captive by her magic Charms ?
How he resign'd his rugged Lion's Skin,
To deck himself in all her female Glory ?
How he sat down to learn her little Arts,
And turn'd his knotty Club into a Distaff ?
Thus would he shift the Scene, and when fatigu'd.
With the hard Toil, and Hazard of the Day,
In her soft Arms repose himself at Night ;
There make amends for all his Labours past ;
Surfeit on Joy till ev'n Desire grew sick ;
And then his former Toils again repeat.
If then thy haughty Soul would imitate
The glorious warlike Deeds thy Grandfire wrought ;
Tho' still thou dost in Woods delight to rove,
Yet do not banish quite the Thoughts of Love :
Sometimes to *Amaryllis's* Charms resign ;
Her Blood's as noble, and as rich as thine.

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*Com' è quel d' Amarilli ; che se fuggi
Dorinda, i 'te ne scuso, anzi pur lodo,
Ch' à te wago d' honore haver non lice
Di furtivo desio l' animo caldo,
Per non far torto, a la tua cara sposa.*

Silv. Che di tù Linco ? ancor non e mia sposa.

*Linc. Da lei dunque la fede
Non ricevesti tu solennemente ?
Guarda garzon superbo
Non irritar gli Dei.*

*Silv. " L' humana libertate è don del Cielo,
" Che non fà forza à chi riceve forza.*

*Linc. Anzi se tu l' ascolti, e ben l' intendi,
Aquesto il Ciel ti chiama,
Il Ciel, ch' à le tue nozze
Tante grazie promette, e tanti honori.*

*Silv. Altro pensiero appunto
I sommi Dei non hanno, appunta questa
L' almo riposo lor cura molesta.
Linco nè questo amor, nè quel mi piace :
Cacciator non amante al mondo nacqui,
Tu che seguisti Amor, torna al riposo.*

*Linc. Tu derivi dal Cielo
Crudo Garzon ? nè di celeste seme
Ti Cred' io, ne d' humano,
E se pur sè d' humano, i' giurerei,
Che tù fussi più tosto
Col velen di Tifisone, e d' Aletto,
Che col piacer di Venere concetto.*

That thou dost shun *Dorinda's* proffer'd Love,

I do not only pardon but approve.

Thine Honour, which thou dost so highly prize,

Will not permit th' unlawful Flame to rise ;

Can ne'er consent thou basely should' st abuse

So great, so worthy, so divine a Spouse.

Silv. That she's my Spouse, as yet thou can' st not say.

Linc. Were there not solemn Vows between you past ?

Take Care, proud Youth, you don't the Gods distast.

Silv. The Gift of Freedom, is the Gift of *Jove* ;

He ne'er regards compulsive Vows of Love.

Linc. Nay, but I tell thee, *Silvio*, *Jove* looks down,

And makes this Match a Business of his own ;

Has promis'd to attend thy Nuptial Rites,

And crown 'em with unheard-of, new Delights.

Silv. Canst think that *Jove* would break his sweet Repose,

To mind such trivial Things, as Lover's Vows ?

I tell thee, *Amaryllis* I despise,

Nor am I mov'd with fair *Dorinda's* Eyes :

No Female Planet rul'd when I was born :

The Queen of Love with all her Charms I scorn.

Diana is the Goddess I approve,

And I'm resolv'd thro' all her Woods to rove,

Linc. Hard-hearted Youth ! I scarcely can believe

Thou dost from GODS, or Men, thy Race derive.

Or, if thy Father was a mortal Man,

Thro' all his Veins *Alecto's* Poisons ran.

When in his Arms thy Mother he carest,

Typhoea alone his Heart possess.



ATTO PRIMO. SCENA II.

Mirtillo, Ergasto.

MIRTILLO.



RUD A Amarilli, che col nome ancora
D'amar, ah! lasse, amaramente insegna.
Amarilli del candido ligustro
Più candida, e più bella.

*Ma de l'aspido sordo
E più sorda, e più fera, e più fugace:
Poi che col dir t'offendo
P mi morrò tacendo;
Mà grideran per me le piagge, e i monti,
E questa selva, à cui
Sì spesso il tuo bel nome
Di roisnare insegno:
Per me piangerà i fonti,
E mormorando i venti
Diranno i miei lamenti:
Parlerà nel mio volto
La pietate, e'l dolore;
E se fia muta ogn' altra cosa, al fine*

ACT the FIRST. SCENE II.

Myrtillo and Ergasto.

Myrtillo.



Bdurate Maid ! whose * comprehensive Name
Shews that the Sweets of Love are dash'd with
Gall ;

More beauteous art thou than the blushing
Rose,

Fairer than Lillies, gayer than the Morn ;
But deaf, alas ! to all my Sighs and Tears ;
Deaf as the Winds, the Waters, or the Weather.
Since then my Words have lost the Pow'r to please,
Like Ravens Notes sound harsh unto thy Ears,
In solemn Silence I will die before thee ;
Without a Groan will at thy Feet expire.—
Yet all in vain—There's not a Hill, or Vale,
Or murmuring Tree in yonder shady Grove,
(On which so often I have carv'd thy Name,
To which I have so oft reveal'd my Passion)
But will proclaim my cruel Fate aloud.
Each Rill shall shed a sympathysing Tear,
Each Zephyr fills with Sighs the ambient Air :
Pity and Grief shall in my Eyes be read,
And my unhappy Cause by Turns shall plead.

* *Amarillis*

At

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Parlerà il mio morire,

Et ti dirà la morte il mio martire.

Erg. " Mirtillo Amor fù sempre un fier tormento.

" Ma più quanto è più chiuso ;

" Però ch'egli dal freno

" Ond' è legata un' amorosa lingua

" Forza prende, e s' avvanza,

" E più fero è prigion, che non è sciolto,

Già non dovevi tù sì lungamente

Celarmi la cagion de la tua fiamma,

Se la fiamma celar non mi potevi.

Quante volte l' hò detto, arte Mirtillo,

Ma in chiuso foco e' sì consuma, e tace.

Mir. Offesi me per non offender lei,

Cortese Ergasto, e sarei muto ancora ;

Ma la necessità m' hà fatto arditò.

Odo una voce mormorar d'intorno,

Che per l'orecchie mi ferisce sil core,

De le vicine nozze d' Amarilli.

Ma chi ne parla ogn' altra cosa tace.

Ed io più innanzi ricercar non oso :

Sì per non dar altrui di me sospetio,

Come per non trovar quel che pavento.

Sò ben, Ergasto, e non minganna amore,

Ch' à la mia basse, e povera fortuna

Sperar non lice in alcun tempo mai,

Che ninfa sì leggiadra, e sì gentile,

E di sangue, e di spiro, e di semblante

Veramente divina, à me sia sposa :

Ben conosco il tenor de la mia stella :

At last,——

If all my Wrongs can no Compassion move,
My Death itself to all the World shall prove,
I fell a Victim to the God of Love.

}
}

Erga. Love is, my Friend, a Pain unspeakable !
But to suppress it still augments my Pain.
As the hot Courser, when he feels the Curb,
With double Speed scow'rs o'er the dusty Plain ;
So Love restrain'd, and in the Breast confin'd,
With double Fury burns, and wrecks the Sense.
In vain thou striv'st to hide the Secret from me ;
For I have look'd into thy artless Bosom,
And view'd the Hurry which thy Soul is in.
How often have I said, *Myrtillo* loves,
But will not tell the Object he adores !

Myr. Nor would I now reveal my luckless Passion,
Did not Necessity extort it from me.
What is my Happiness compar'd to her's ?
Rather I'd drag this Load of Life in Pain,
Than in the least disturb my Fair One's Quiet.
'Tis whisper'd, my *Ergasto*, thro' our Plain,
(And oh ! the News strikes thro' my trembling Heart),
That *Hymen* will To-morrow join the Hands
Of *Amaryllis*, and some happy Swain ;
But who, as yet, my Friend, I cannot learn :
Nor dare I ask, lest I reveal my Flame,
And find the Truth of what my Soul abhors.
I know, alas ! too well my abject State,
(For Love has not so far my Reason blinded)
Ever to hope that Heav'n would bless my Arms
With such a Nymph, so exquisitely form'd,
Adorn'd with every Grace, that Nature's Hand
Could lavishly with all her Art bestow :

Whose

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*Nacqui solo à le fiamme, e'l mio destino
D'arder mi feo, non di gioirne degno.
Ma poi ch' era ne' fati, ch' io doveffi
Amar la morte, e non la vita mia,
Vorrei miror almen, sì che la morte
Da lei, che'n è cagion, gradita fosse,
Nè si sdegnasse a l'ultimo sospiro
Di mostrarmi i begli occhi, e dirmi, muori.
Vorrei, prima che passi à far beato
De le su' nozze altrui, ch'ella m'udisse
Almen sola una volta. Hor se tù m'ami,
Ed hai di me pietade, in ciò t'adopra,
Cortessissimo Ergasto, in ciò m'aita.*

*Erg. Giusto desio d'amante, e di chi more
Lieve mercè, ma faticosa impresa.
Misera lei se risapesse il padre,
Ch'ella à pregi furitivi havebbe mai
Inchinate l'orecchie, o pur ne fosse
Al sacerdote suocero accusata:
Per questo forse ella ti fugge, e forse
" Tama, ancorche no'l mostri: che la donna
" Nel desiar è ben di noi più frale,
" Ma nel celar il suo desio più scaltra.
E se fosse pur ver, ch' ella t'amasse,
Che potrebbe alivo far, che pur fuggirti?*

Whose Mind is still superior to those Charms,
 And speaks its Essence to be all divine.
 No—Some ill Planet rul'd when I was born.—
 I'm doom'd to love, but never to enjoy.
 'Tis Death, and Death alone can heal my Sorrows ;
 And since my Fate's to be in Love with Death,
 With utmost Pleasure I'd this Life forego ;
 With Extasy expire, so that the lovely Charmer
 Would bless me with her Eyes, and seal my Fate.
 I have but this, this only Boon to ask,
 That she would hear her poor *Myrtillo* speak,
 Before she gives herself away forever.
 Now generous Youth———
 If I am one in whom thy Soul takes Pleasure,
 Since Passion overbears me, plays the Tyrant,
 And hurries my unstable, flitting Soul
 To Madness and Despair ;———Pity my Sorrows,
 And lend me, if thou can'st, thy helping Hand.
Erg. A small Request for a poor, dying Lover ;
 Yet to accomplish what thy Soul desires,
 Is a hard Task, and of the last Importance.
 Should the fair Nymph's stern Father chance to hear
 His Daughter listen'd to thy Love-sick Story ;
 Or should the fatal News once reach the Ears
 Of the High Priest *Montano*, (*Silvio's* Father)
 The Darling of thy Soul is lost forever.
 For this, and this alone perhaps she flies thee :
 Her Frowns perhaps may prove but Artifice,
 And her fond Heart may pity thee in private.
 Women are more inclin'd to Love than Men ;
 But with more Art conceal the raging Pain.
 Grant this Suggestion true—Tell me, *Myrtillo*,
 Hasn't she Reason to deny the Visit ?
 In vain she listens to her Lover's Tale,

Who

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“ Chi non può dar aita, indarno ascolta :

“ E fugge con pietà, chi non s'arresta

“ Senz' altrui pena ed è sano consiglio

“ Tosto lasciar quel, che tener non puoi.

Mir. O se ciò fosse vero, ò s'io' l'credeffi,

Care mie pene, e fortunati affanni.

Ma se ti guardi il Ciel, cortese Ergasto,

Non mi tacer qual' è il pastor trà noi

Felice tanto, & de le stelle amico.

Erg. Non conosci tù Silvio, una figlio

Di Montan, Sacerdote di Diana,

Sì famoso pastore hoggi, e sì ricco ?

Quel garzon sì leggiadro ? que gli è desso.

Mir. Fortunato fanciul, che'l tuo destino

Trovi maturo in così acerba etate :

Nè te l'invidia nò, ma piango il mio.

Erg. E veramente invidiar nò'l dei ;

Che degno ò di pietà, più che d'invidia.

Mir. E perche di pietà ?

Erg. Perche non l'ama.

Mir. Ed è vivo ? ed hà core ? e non è cieco ?

Ben che se dritto miro,

A lei per altro core

Non restò fiamma più, quando nel mio

Spirò da que' beglio occhi

Tutte le fiammo sue, tutti gli amori.

Ma perche dar si preziosa gioia

A chi non la cognosce ? à chi la sprezza ?

Erg. Perche promette à queste nozze il Cielo

La salute d'Arcadia : non sai dunque

Who wants the Pow'r his wounded Soul to heal;
Admits him to her Presence but in vain,
When the soft Interview will but augment his Pain.
And he, *Myrtillo*, doubtless is to blame,
Who loves, despairs, and yet still fans the Flame.

Myr. O! Could I once but entertain that Thought,
My anxious Pain would prove the greatest Pleasure.
But, my dear Friend, (so may the Gods smile on thee)
Do not conceal the fatal Secret from me.
Confirm my Fate, and boldly name the Swain,
The happy Swain, the Darling of the Stars.

Erg. Dost thou not know the Rich, the gallant *Sylvio*,
Montano's only Son? ——— 'Tis he.

Myr. Thrice happy Swain! To have thy Stars dart down
Their gentle Influence so early on thee!
Forgive me, if thou hear'st my tender Sighs;
I envy not thy Fate, but mourn my own.

Erg. Thou shouldstn't envy him; indeed *Myrtillo*,
He claims thy Pity rather.

Myr. What! Pity, say'st thou.

Erg. Yes, thy Pity; for he cannot love her.

Myr. Is he a Man? and is his Heart untouch'd?
Can he be blind to such a World of Charms?
Or has her Eyes shot all her Fires at me,
And left no Dart for any other Breast?
But why must such a glorious, matchless Prize
Be thrown into the Arms of one, who scorns,
Or values not th' inestimable Blessing?

Erg. Soon as their nuptial Rites shall be perform'd,
Indulgent Heav'n has promis'd to avert
The direful Judgments that attend *Arcadia*.
Hast thou not heard how our offended Goddess

Each

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*Che qui si paga ogn' anno à la gran Dea
De l'innocente sangue d'una Ninfa
Tributo miserabile, e mortale ?*

*Mit. Unqua più non l'udii, nè ciò m'è nuovo,
Che nuovo ancora habitator quì sono,
E come vuol Amore, e' l mio destino,
Quasi pur sempre habitator de' boschi :
Ma qual peccato il meritò sì grave ?
Come tant' ira un cor celeste accoglie ?*

*Erg. Ti narrerò de le miserie nostre
Tutta da capo la dolente historia.
Che trar potria da queste dure querci
Pianto, e pietà, non che da i petti humani.
In quella età, che'l Sacerdozio Santo,
E la cura del tempio ancor non era
A sacerdote giovane contesa,
Un nobile pastor chiamata Aminta,
Sacerdote in quel tempo, amò Lucrina
Ninfa leggiadra à maraviglia, e bella ;
Ma senza fede à maraviglia, e vana,
Gradì costei gran tempo, o'l mostrò forse
Con simulati, e perfidi sembianti
Del giovane amoroso il puro affetto,
E di falze speranze anco nudrillo
(Misero) mentre alcun rival non hebbe.
Ma non si tosto (hor vedi instabil donna)
Rustico pastorel l' hebbe guatata ;*

Che

Each Year demands a spotless Virgin's Blood,
(A barbarous Tribute !) from our guilty Land.

Myr. Never *Ergasto*———

Nor blame, nor wonder at my Ignorance,
Since 'tis but lately that I came amongst you ;
And since (so Love and Fate decreed) 'till now I've been
The constant Tenant of the shady Groves.

But say———

What heinous Crime has *Arcady* committed,
To draw such Vengeance on her guilty Head,
And rouse such Fury in a Goddess' Breast ?

Erg. Since then thou hast not heard the fatal Story,
I'll tell thee such a mournful, horrid Tale,
Would rend ev'n Rocks, and soften knotted Oaks,
Much more incline thy tender Soul to Pity.
Before the sacred Priesthood was confin'd

To one peculiar Age, a gallant Youth,
Diana's favourite Priest (by Name *Amyntas*)
Confess'd the Triumph of *Lucrina's* Eyes.

The God of Love shot all his Fires from thence
Into his Soul, and his whole Heart receiv'd them.
The Nymph was made in Nature's purest Mould
Without Alloy, her Form was all divine.

Heav'n, Heav'n itself was seated in her Eyes,
But Hell, all Hell in her false treacherous Heart :

For a long Time she crown'd *Amyntas' Pains*
With gentle Smiles, and seem'd at least to burn
With mutual Flames ; long fed his Hopes with Vows.
Of everlasting Truth, and constant Love :

And (while no Rival came to oppose his Wishes)
He reign'd sole Monarch of her faithless Heart.
But (Curse on the Jilt !) soon as another Swain
Whispered his Love-sick Story in her Ears,

*Che i primi sguardi non sostenne, i primi
Sospiri, e tutta al nuovo amor si diede,*

Prima che gelosia sentisse Aminta.

Misero Aminta, che la lei fu poscia

E sprezzato, e fuggito, sì ch' udirlo

Ne vederlo mai più l'empia non volle.

Se piangesse il meschin, se sospirasse,

Pensa, tù che per prova intendi amore.

Mir. Oimè questo è'l dolor, ch'ong' altro avvanza.

Erg. Ma poiche dietro al cor perduto, hebbe anco

I sospiri perduti, e le querele,

Volto pregando à la gran Dea ; se mai,

Disse, con puro cor Cynthia, se mai

Con innocente man fiamma t' accesi,

Vendica tù la mia sotto la fede

Di bella Ninfa, e perfida tradita.

Udi del fido amante, e del suo caro

Sacerdote Diana i preghi, e'l pianto :

Tal che ne la pietà l'ira spirando

Fè lo sdegno più fero, ond' ella prese

L'arco possente. e jaettò nel seno

De la misera Arcadia non veduti

The treacherous Nymph, transported at her Conquest,
And raging with a Flood of new Desires,
Forgot the numerous Vows she made *Amyntas*,
And seal'd his Ruin e'er he new the Cause ;
With utmost Detestation shunn'd his Presence,
And swore she'd see the hated Youth no more.
If now Ingratitude looks so black as this
Should raise a Tempest in his troubl'd Soul,
And drive him to Despair, thou best canst judge,
Who know'st a Lover's Pains by sad Experience.

Myr. Oh ! 'Tis beyond the Power of Words to paint
Distress like his.

Erg. ——— At last th' unhappy Youth,
Finding her deaf to all his Sighs and Tears,
(Deaf as the Winds, and as the Rocks unshaken)
All prostrate at *Diana's* sacred Altar.
With trembling Accent thus bespoke his Goddess.
If with an upright Heart, and guiltless Hand,
I ever offer'd Sacrifice before thee ;
If e'er my Service has been grateful to thee,
Then from thy awful Seat above look down,
Assert my Cause, and plead it as thy own.
Pour down thy Vengeance on the guilty Head
Of that too lovely Fair, but cruel Maid,
Who with her perjur'd Breath my honest Heart betray'd
With good Success the Youth preferr'd his Pray'rs.

Cynthia look'd down, and heard his heavy Sighs,
Saw all his Tears, and pity'd his Distress.
Her Pity kindled in her Breast Revenge,
And fann'd the furious Flame ; so strait she took
Her fatal Blow in her all-pow'rful Hand ;
Out of her Quiver drew her keenest Arrows,
And shot them in the Bosom of *Arcadia*.

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Strali, ed inevitabili di morte.
Perian senza pietà, senza soccorso
D'ogni fessole genti, e d'ogn' etate :
Vani errano i remedi, il fuggir tardo,
Inutil l'arte, e prima che l'infermo
Spesso ne l'opra il medico cadea.
Restò sola una speme in tanti mali
Del soccorso del Cielo, e s'ebbe tosto
Al più vicino Oracolo ricorso,
Da cui venne risposta assai ben chiara,
Ma sopra modo horribile, e funesta ;
Che Cintia era sdegnata, e che placarla
Si sarebbe potuto, se Lucrina,
Perfida Ninsà, overe altri per lei
Di nostra gente, à la gran Dea si fosse
Per man d' Aminta in sacrificio offerta.
La qual poi ch'ebbe indarno pianto, e'ndarno
Dal suo novo amator soccorso atteso,
Fu con pompa solenne al sacro eliare
Vittima lagrimevole condotta,
Dove à que piè, che la seguìro in vano
Già tanto, à i piè de l'amator tradito,
Le tremanti ginocchia al fin piegando,
Dal giovine crudel morte attendea,
Strinse intrepido Aminto il sacro ferro,
E pareva ben, che da l'accese l'abbia
Spirasse ira, e vendetta : à lei volto
Disse con un sospir nuntio di morte.

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Swift as the forky Light'ning round they flew,
 Unerring, and unseen ; and sure Destruction
 Attended every Dart. No Age, no Sex, they spar'd ;
 Relentless, did perform their dire Commission.
 In vain to distant Rocks th' *Arcadian* flies,
 Within the Rocks the dire Contagion lies.
 Fruitless are Antidotes with Skill apply'd ;
 The Artist falls by his weak Patient's Side.
 Man's utmost Efforts now prove ineffectual,
 And Heav'n alone can mitigate his Sorrows.
 So to the nearest Oracle he flies,
 To know what Terms the angry God propound ;
 What Tribute they expect t'avert the Judgment.
 Soon from the sacred Shrine this Answer came,
 That *Cynthia* was provok'd, and to appease
 Her kindled Wrath, and seal *Arcadia's* Peace,
Lucrina on her Altar must be laid ;
 Or in her Stead, some false, but beauteous Maid,
 And by the Hands of wrong'd *Amyntas* bleed.
 Fruitless are all her Sighs, and flowing Tears ;
 In vain she flies to her new Lover's Arms,
 And with her melting Eyes implores his Aid
 In vain, to save her from approaching Ruin.
 The beauteous Nymph, like a gay Bride adorn'd,
 Was to *Diana's* Temple strait conducted,
 In all the Splendour and the solemn Pomp
 Religion could devise.—Soon as the Victim came,
 All pale, and trembling to the sacred Altar,
 (Her lovely Eyes all drown'd in Floods of Sorrows)
 Prostrate she fell before her injur'd Lover,
 Expecting from his Hands the Stroke of Death.
 Boldly the Youth his sacred Dagger drew ;
 His Breast with Indignation seem'd to burn,
 This shocking Answer, horrible to Nature,

His

176 *Three SELECT SCENES*

*Da la miseria tua, Lucrina, mira
 Qual amante seguisti ; equal lasciasti
 Miral da questo colpo : e così detto,
 Ferè se stesso, e nel sen proprio immerse
 Tutto' l'ferro, ed e sangue in braccio à lei
 Vittima, e sacerdote in un cado.
 A sì fero spettacolo, e sì nuovo
 Instupidi la misera donzella
 Trà vi-va e morta : e non ben certe ancora
 D'esser dal ferro, ò dal dolor trafitta :
 Ma come prima hebbe la voce, e' l' senso
 Disse piangendo : O fido, ò forte Aminta,
 O troppo tardi conosciuto amante.
 Che m' hai data morendo, e vita e morte :
 Se fu colpa il lasciarti, ecco l'ammendo
 Con l'unir teco eternamente l'alma,
 E questo detto, il ferro stesso ancora
 Nel caro sangue trepido, e vermiglio
 Tratto dal morto, e tardi amato petto,
 Il suo petto trafisse, e sopra Aminta
 Che morto ancor non era, e senti forse
 Quel colpo in braccio si lasciò cadere,
 Tal fine hebber gli amanti, à tal miseria
 Troppo amor, e perfidia ambidue trasse.
 Mir. O misero pastor, ma fortunato
 Ch' ebbe sì largo sì famosa campo
 Di mostrar la sua fede, e di far vi-va*

His Brows to knit, his angry Eyes to roll
 With glowing Vengeance, Fury and Despair.
 At last, with a deep Sigh (Death's Harbinger)
 And Looks compos'd, he thus bespoke the Maid:
 O! thou too lovely, faithless, perjur'd Nymph,
 Judge of my Wrongs by this tremendous Blow.
 This said—he plung'd the fatal Weapon deep
 Into his sacred Breast; and at her trembling Feet
 The Victim, and the Priest fell down together.
 Like one that stands upon the Verge of Life,
 Confounded and surpris'd, *Lucrina* shiver'd,
 Doubtful as yet, which had transfix'd her Heart,
 Excess of Sorrow, or the Dread of Death.
 Soon as her scatter'd Senses were recall'd,
 And her lost Speech return'd; she sighing, said,
 O, generous Youth! I know thy wondrous Worth,
 Thy Constancy and Love, alas! too late.
 The Sight of thee thus dying by my Side,
 At once revives, and wounds my bleeding Heart.
 If I have sinn'd (as doubtless I have sinn'd)
 In flying from th' Embrace of one so good;
 My Life shall make Atonement for th' Offence,
 And my freed Soul should dwell with thine forever.
 With that she took the Poynard from his Breast,
 Warm with his precious Blood, and plung'd it deep
 Into her own.—Trembling and faint, she fell
 Into his dying Arms, who just had Life,
 Feebly to fold the Fair, and die with Pleasure.
 Thus fell the too indulgent, constant Swain,
 Thus was the Nymp^h undone by her Disdain.

Myr. Unhappy Youth!—Yet happy in thy Love!
 What Opportunity more great, more glorious,
 Could'st thou have had, to shew th' unshaken Faith?

Who

178 *Three SELECT SCENES*

Pietà ne l'altrui cor con la sua morte.

Ma che seguì de la cadente turba ?

Trovò fine il suo mal ? placossi Cintia ?

Erg. L'ira s'intiepidì, ma non s'estinse,

Che doppi l'anno in quel medesimo tempo

Con ricaduta più spietate, e fiera,

Increduli lo sdegno, onde di nuovo

Per consigli à l' Oracolo tornando

Si riporto de la primiera assai

Più dura, e lagrimevole risposta :

Che si sacrasse al' hora, e poscia ong' anno

Vergine, ò donna à la sdegnata Dea,

Che l' terzo lustro empiesse, ed oltro al quarto

Non s'avanzasse, e così d'una il sangue

L'ira spegnessè apparecchiata à molti.

Impose ancora à l'infelice sesso

Una molto severa, e, se ben miri

La sua natura, inosservabil legge:

Legge scritta col sangue: che qualunque

Donna, ò donzella habbia la fè d'amore,

Come che sia, contaminata, ò rotta,

S'altri per lei non muore, à morte sia

Irremissibilmente condannata.

A questa dunque sì tremenda, e grave

Nostra calamità spera il buon padre

Di trovar fin con le bramate nozze,

Pero che dopò alquanto tempo essendo

Ricercato l'Oracolo, qual fine

Prescritto haveffe a' nostri danni Cielo,

Ciò ne predisse in cotai voci à punto.

Who wou

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Erg. T

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After

Who would not die to melt the scornful Fair ?
 But what became of the distress'd *Arcadians* ?
 Did the Contagion cease ? Was *Cynthia's* Anger
 perfectly appeas'd ?

Erg. The Storm, indeed, abated for a Time ;
 But Oh ! we never had a perfect Calm.
 In the same Month of the ensuing Year
 It rag'd with greater Fury than before.
 With Speed again to *Cynthia's* Shrine we flew,
 But soon receiv'd an Answer more surprizing,
 More horrible to Nature than the first,
 That *Cynthia* did expect to be obey'd ;
 That then, and every Year, a Bride, or Maid,
 (Not Twenty) on her Altar should be laid.
 This, when comply'd with, and the Victim slain,
 The Goddess would remove our raging Pain.
 Nor was this all : The Goddess to torment
 Th' unhappy Sex, prescrib'd this cruel Law,
 A Law (which if we weigh their Natures well)
 We know they ne'er can keep ; a Law that's wrote
 Without Remorse, in Characters of Blood.
 That every Bride, or Virgin, who should prove
 Inconstant to the Swain she once did love,
 Should without Mercy in an Instant die,
 Unless some Friend would the Nymph's Place supply.
 This national Calamity now old *Montano*
 Hopes to remove by this intended Match.
 For when again we to the Shrine apply'd,
 To know what Remedy the Heav'ns prescrib'd,
 To heal the anxious Grievs our Land groan'd under ;
 After some Pause, this Answer was return'd.

Cyn-

180 *Three SELECT-SCENES*

“ *Non havrà prima fin quel che v'offende*
 “ *Che duo semi del Ciel congiunga amore,*
 “ *E di donna infedel l'antico errore*
 “ *L'alta pietà d'un Pastor fido ammende.*
Hor ne l' Arcadia tutta altri rampolli
Di celesti radici boggi non sono,
Che Silvio, ed Amarillide; che l'una
Vien dal seme di Pan, l'altro d' Alcide,
Nè per nostra sciagura in altro tempo
S'incontraron già mai femmina, e maschio,
Com' hor, de le due schiatte; e però quinci
Di sperar bene hà gran ragion Montano
E ben che tutto quel, che si promette
La riposta fatale, ancor non segua,
Pur questo è'l fondamento: il resto poi
Hà ne gli abissi suoi nascosto il Fato
E sarà parto un dì di questa nozze.

Mir. O sfortunato e misero Mirtillo,
Tanti fieri nemici,
Tant' armi, e tanta guerra
Contra un cor moribundo?
Non bastava amor solo,
Se non s'armava à le mie pene il fato?

Erg. Mirtillo, il crudo Amore
Si pasce ben, ma non si sazia mai
Di lagrime, e dolore:

Cynthia will never smile,
Nor hush the raging Storm ;
'Till two of Race divine
Shall *Hymen's* Rites perform :

'Till some Fair, generous Maid
Shall bless her faithful Swain ;
With Constancy Atonement make
For the false Nymph's Disdain.

Now, throughout all *Arcadia*, none are left
Who claim a Title to celestial Birth,
But *Silvio* and *Amaryllis* : She
The Daughter of the mighty *Pan*, and he
Alcides' Son. Nor has there met 'till now,
(So much the harder our unhappy Fate !)
Two Branches of those Lines of different Sex.
Not without Grounds *Montano* therefore hopes
(Tho' what the sacred Oracle foretold
Is not as yet in every Point accomplish'd)
To find our Remedy in this Alliance.
This is the fundamental Part ; the rest
Lies hid at present in the Breast of Fate :
Which, when the nuptial Rites shall be perform'd,
Will visibly appear.

Myr. Never was Swain so wretched sure as I am !
What Combination's here ! What Pow'rs conspire
To ruin one, half-dead with Grief already !
Is't not enough the Pangs of Love to bear,
That I must wage with Fate unequal War ?

Erg. Cease thy Complainings, cease thy flowing Tears ;
Tears will not cool, but fan Loves raging Fires.
Chear up, my Friend, and let's to yonder Grove,

R

Some

182 *Three SELECT SCENES*

Andiamo ; i' ti prometto

Di porre ogni mio' ngegno,

Perche la bella Ninfa hoggi t'ascolti

Tu datti pace tanto.

“ *Non son come a te pare*

“ *Questi sospiri ardenti*

“ *Refrigerio del core,*

“ *Ma son più tosto impetuosi venti,*

“ *Che spiran ne l'incendio, e'l fan maggiore,*

“ *Con turbini d'Amore,*

“ *Ch' apportan sempre a i miserelli amanti*

“ *Fosci nemi di duol, piogge di pianti.*



ATTO

Some Stratagem *Ergasto* will devise,
(’Ere yet the Sun shall in the Ocean set)
To introduce thee to thy Charmer’s Presence.
With Sighs thou striv’st to sooth thy Grievs in vain;
Thy Sighs will prove but an Addition to thy Pain.

So when a Fire a Field of Corn does seize,
If the Wind’s hush, it burns by slow Degrees:
But if a furious Tempest chance to rise,
At once the Flame does the whole Field surprize,
And mounts with Fury to the distant Skies.

3





ATTO PRIMO. SCENA III.

CORISCA.



*H I vid mai, e chi mai udi più strana
 E più folle, e più fera, e più importuna
 Passione amorosa ? amore, & odio
 Con sì mirabil tempre in un cor misti,
 Che l'un per l'altro (e non sò ben dir come)
 E si strugge, e s' avvanza, e nasce, e muore.
 S'io miro à le bellezze di Mirtillo
 Dal piè leggiadro al grazioso volto,
 Il vago portamento, il bel sembiante,
 Gli atti, i costumi, e le parole, e'l guardo
 M'assale amor con sì possente foco
 Ch'io ardo tutta, e par, ch'ogni altro affetto
 Ma questo sol sia superato, e vinto :
 Da se poi penso à l'ostinato amore,
 Ch'ei porta ad altra donna, e che per lei
 Di me non cura, è sprezzata (il vò pur dire)
 La mia famosa, e da mill' alme, e mille
 Inchinata beltà, bramata grazia,
 L'odio, così, così l'abboro, e scivo,
 Ch' impossibil mi par, ch'unqua per lui
 Mi s'accendesse al cor fiamma amorosa.
 Tal'or meco ragiono, ò s'io potessi
 Gioir del mio dolcissimo Mirtillo,*

Si

ACT I. SCENE III.

CORISCA.



H A T Words can paint the Passion which
I feel ?

The wild Disorder of my Soul reveal ?
Is it not strange two Contraries should
meet,

And such Intestine, Civil War create ?

That Love and Hatred should possess my Breast,
And banish thence all Hopes, all Thoughts of Rest ?

When I survey *Mirtillo's* beauteous Face,
Each Lineament, each lovely Feature trace,
Think on each Motion, each attractive Grace :

Whene'er I hear his soft melodious Tongue,

Or listen to the Musick of his Song ;

My Soul's on Fire ; with Extasy I move,

And every other Passion yields to Love.

But when I think how the disdainful Boy

Beholds another with triumphant Joy ;

With Pride avoids my eager longing Arms,

(Wilfully blind to my superior Charms)

The furious Storm begins again to rise,

My rage revives, and I the Youth despise.

What !

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*Si che fosse mio tutto, e ch'altra mai
 Posseder nol potesse, ò più d'ogn' altra
 Beata, e felicissima Corisca,
 Ed' in quel punto in me sorge un talento
 Verso di lui sì dolce, e sì gentile.
 Che di seguirlo, e di pregarlo ancora,
 E di scoprirgli il cor prendo consiglio.
 Che più ? così mi stimola il desio,
 Che se potessi a l'hor l'adorerei.
 Da l'altra parte, i mi resento, e dico ;
 Un ritroso ? uno chiso ? un che non degna ?
 Un che può d'altra donna esser amante ?
 Un ch'ardisce mirarmi, e non m'adora ?
 E dal mio volto si difende in guisa,
 Che per amor non more ? ed io che lui
 Devrei veder come molti altri i' veggio,
 Supplice, e lagrimoso ài piedi miei.
 Supplice, e lagrimosa à piedi suoi
 Sosterrò di cadere ? ah non fia mai ;
 Ed in questo pensier tant'ira accoglio
 Contra di lui, contra di me, che volsi
 A seguirlo il pensier, gli occhi mirarlo,
 Che'l nome di Mirtillo, e l'amor mio
 Odio più che la morte, e lui vorrei,
 Vedere il più dolente, il più infelice,
 Pastor, che virva, e se potessi à l'hora
 Con le mie proprie man l'anciderei.
 Così sdegno, e desire, odio, ed amore
 Mi fanno guerra, ed io che stata sono
 Sempre fin quì di mille cor la fiamma
 Di mill' alme in tormento, ardo, e languisco,
 E provo nel mio mal le pene altrui.
 Io che tant' anni in cittadina schiera
 Di vezzosfi, leggiadri, e degni amanti.*

Fui

What! Shall I tamely bear his proud Disdain?
 Sue for a Shepherd's Love, and sue in vain?
 Shall he presume to slight my dazzling Charms,
 And revel in a meaner Beauty's Arms?
 Audacious Villain! to be mov'd no more,
 To view my Eyes, and not my Eyes adore!
 To view my Charms, and yet so senseless prove,
 As not to languish, not to burn for Love!
 Shall I submit, when he should prostrate lie,
 Be proud like others at my Feet to die?
 Oh! no:—The Shock my Heart can never bear:
 The Thought confounds me, drives me to Despair.
 Against myself, against the Youth I rage,
 Nor can my former Love the Storm assuage.
Myrtillo proves the Object of my Scorn;
 From the loath'd Sight my Eyes with Fury turn:
 My worst of Wishes does the Swain pursue:
 My Passion does no Bounds, no Compass know.
 Thus Love and mortal Hatred in their Turn,
 Like intermitting Fevers, chill and burn.
 I, who have sacrific'd a Thousand Swains,
 Laugh'd at their Love, and slighted all their Pains,
 Now feel those Fires, which they have undergone,
 And guess at others Torments by my own.
 I, who have stood unmov'd at all their Tears,
 Deaf as the Winds to all their amorous Pray'rs;
 Have banish'd all their Hopes; with Pride survey'd
 The Devastation which my Eyes have made;

*Fui sempre insuperabile, schernendo
 Tante speranze lor, tanti desiri :
 Hor da rustico amor, da vile amanti,
 Da rozzo pastorel son presa e vinta :
 O più d'ogn' altra misera Corisca,
 Che sarebbe di te, se sprovveduta
 Ti trovassi hor d'amante ? che faresti
 Per mitigar quest' amorosa rabbia ?
 Impari à le mie spese hoggi ogni donna
 A far conserva, e cumulo d'amanti.
 S'altro ben non havessi, altro trastullo,
 Che l'amor di Mirtillo non farei.
 " Ben fornita di vago ? ò mille volte
 " Mal consigliata donna, che si lascia
 " Ridurre in povertà d'un solo amore.
 " Sì sciocca mai non serà già Corisca.
 " Che fede ? che costanza ? immaginate
 " Favole e' gelosi, e nomi vani
 " Per ingannar le semplici fanciulle.
 " La fede in cor di donna, se pur fede
 " In donna alcuna (oh'io nol sò) si trova ;
 " Non è bontà, non è virtù, ma dura
 " Necessita d'Amor, misera lugge
 " Di fallita belta, ch'un sol gradisce,
 " Perche gradita esser non può da molti.
 " Bella donna, e gentil, sollicitata
 " Da numerofo suol di degni amanti,
 " Se d'un solo è contenta, e gli altri sprezza,
 " O non è donna, ò s'è pur donna ; è sciocca.
 " Che val beltà non vista ? e, se pur vista,
 " Non vagheggiata ? e se pur vagheggiata,
 " Vagheggiata da un solo ? e quanti sono
 " Più frequenti gli amanti, e di più pregio,
 " Tanto ella d'esser gloriosa, e rara,*

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Am now oblig'd my wayward Fate to moan,
 And a poor simple Shepherd's Conquest own.
Corisca, how unhappy hadst thou been,
 Hadst thou no Lover but *Myrtillo* seen !
 What would'st thou do ? How sooth thy amorous Pain ?
 Or how revenge the Villain's proud Disdain ;
 To what Extreame may that poor Maid be drove,
 Whose foolish Heart admits one only Love ?
Corisca's Soul shall ne'er be so confin'd :
 She'll love and change as often as the Wind.
 For what is Faith, or what is constant Love,
 But idle Dreams which jealous Doatards prove ?
 In vain does silly Man expect to find
 Or Faith or Constancy in Woman-kind.
 But if by Chance the Prodigy appears ;
 'Tisn't th' Effect of Virtue, but of Years.
 Some ruin'd Beauty, that Love's War gives o'er,
 Pleas'd with one Captive when she finds no more.
 Why shines the *Sun*, but that he may be view'd ?
 What's Beauty if conceal'd, or not pursu'd ?
 Happy's the *Nymph* whom various Swains adore ;
 Her Triumph's glorious, and her Peace secure.

190 *Three SELECT SCENES*

“ Pegno nel mondo hà più sicuro, e certo,
 “ La gloria, e lo splendor di bella donna
 “ E, l' haver molti amanti : e così fanno
 Ne le cittadi ancor le donne accorte.
 E'l fan più le più belle, e le più grandi.
 Rifiutare un' amante appresso loro
 È peccato, e schiocchezza : e quel ch' un solo
 Far non tuò, molti fanno : altri à servire,
 Altri a donare, altri ad altr' uso è buono,
 E spesso auvien, che nol sapendo l' uno,
 Scaccia la gelosia, che l' altro diede,
 O la risveglia in tal, che pria non l' hebbe.
 Così ne le Città vivon le donne
 Amaroſe, e gentili, ov' io col ſenno,
 E con l'eſſempio già di donna grande
 L' arte di ben amar fanciulla appreſi.
 “ Coriſca, mi dicea, ſi vuole à punto
 “ Far de gli amanti quel, che de le veſti,
 “ Molti haverne, un goderne, e cangiar ſpeſſo ;
 “ Che'l lungo converſar genera noia,
 “ E la noia diſprezzo, e odio al fine.
 “ Nò far peggio può donna, che laſciarſi
 “ Svogliar l'amante : fà pur, ch' egli parta
 “ Faſtidito da tè, non di te mai.
 E così ſempre hò fatto ; amo d'haverne
 Gran copia, e li trattengo, E' bonne ſempre
 Un pur mano, un per occhio ; ma di tutti
 Il migliore, e'l più commodo nel ſeno.
 F quanto poſſo più nel cor meſſuno.
 Ma non sò come à queſta volta, ah! laſſa,
 V'è pur giunto Mirtillo, e mi tormenta :
 Sè che à forza ſoſpiro, e quel ch' è peggio,
 Di me ſoſpiro, e non inganno altrui ;
 E le membra al ri-poſo, e gli occhi al ſonno

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One cannot well all Offices supply,
 But a long Train of Lovers crown our Joy.
 This with a matchless Grace his Gifts bestows,
 That, dances, sings, and the shrill Trumpet blows ;
 A Third reads well ; all Plays, and Novels knows.
 On each the Prudent Nymph confers a Smile,
 And seems well-pleas'd to see their various Toil.
 But none shall ever so successful prove,
 As to transfix my Heart with ardent Love. —
 And yet, so weak my Resolutions are,
Myrtillo sits, alas ! in Triumph there.
 I sigh the live-long Day, yet sigh in vain,
 I languish, burn, and feel unusual Pain.
 All Night my Tears like tumbling Surges roll,
 And thence disclose the Secrets of my Soul. —
 Unhappy Change ! To distant Shades I fly,
 Yet all in vain,—the Shades Relief deny.
 In vain I wander thro' the gloomy Grove,
 And trace the Footsteps of my hated Love.

What

192 Three SELECT SCENES

*Furando anch'io sò desfiar l'Aurora
 Felicissimo tempo de gli amanti,
 Poco tranquilli: ed ecco io vò per queste
 Ombrose selve anch'io cercando l'orme
 De l'odiato mio dolce desio.
 Ma che farai Corisca? il pregherai?
 Nò, che l'odio non vuol, bench'io l'volessi,
 Il fuggirai; nè questo Amor consente,
 Benche far lo deurei: che farò dunque?
 Tenterò prima le lusinghe, e i prieghi,
 E scoprirò l'amor, ma non l'amante.
 Se ciò non giova, adoprerrò l'inganno:
 E se questo non può, farà lo sdegno
 Vendetta memorabile. Mirtillo
 Sen non vorrai amor, proverai odio.
 Ed Amarylli tua fero pentire
 D'esser à me rivale, à te sì cara:
 E fin almente proverete entrambi,
 Quel che può sdegno in cor di donna amante.*



What shall unhappy poor *Corisca* do ?——
Corisca cannot,——must not,——will not sue.
 Shall I forever from his Presence fly ?
 I cannot go ; —— For if I go, —— I die.
 In these Extrems what Measures are the best,
 To heal my Grievs, and tune my Soul to Rest ?
 To still this Storm I must approach the Swain,
 And by Indulgence rouse his Love again.
 By slow Degrees my Passion must reveal,
 But the dear Object artfully conceal.
 What Wiles, what Stratagems can do, I'll try,
 But if all fail, to sweet Revenge I'll fly ?
 The proud disdainful Youth shall quickly prove
 My fierce Resentment, if he slights my Love :
 And my proud Rival, to his Soul so dear,
 Shall curse the Day she did my Laurels wear.
 At last, they both shall to their Sorrow know,
 What Mischief one like me, provok'd can do.



A S H O R T
EPIGRAMMATIC DIALOGUE

Between A
Passenger *and* a Turtle-Dove.

Written Originally in FRENCH.

PASSENGER.

W H Y, pretty Turtle, dost thou mourn
Within this shady Grove ?

DOVE.

I've lost, alas ! my faithful Mate,
The Partner of my Love.

PASSENGER.

An't you afraid the *Fowler's* Hand
Your Blood, like Her's, should spill ?

DOVE.

Oh ! no : For, if *he* kills me not,
Incessant Sorrow will.

SELECT

SELECT
ÆSOPIAN TALES

IN
PROSE and VERSE

Paraphrastically Translated From

PHÆDRUS, CAMBRAY,
AND OTHERS.

Veluti in Speculum.

HOR



L O N D O N.
Printed for the AUTHOR.
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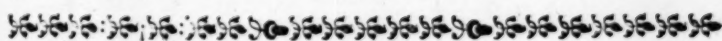
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SELECT
ÆSOPIAN TALES, &c.



FABLE I.

Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll cut your
Throat.

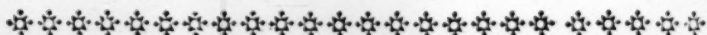
The WOLF and the CRANE.



H E who expects a grateful Return for any Favours conferred on a Villain, acts with Indiscretion upon a double Score. In the first Place, he assists one who as no Merit to recommend him ; and in the next, he involves himself in unnecessary Troubles, from which he seldom extricates himself without severe Repentance. A *Wolf* after a too hasty Meal, happen'd to have a Bone stick in his Throat ; which put him to such exquisite Torture, that, to find some speedy Relief, he ran howling up and down, imploring the charitable Assistance of every Creature that he met, making large Promises of a grateful Return to any one that should prove successful in the Operation. At last, the *Crane*, tempted with the Prospect of a gene-

198 *Select* ÆSOPIAN TALES.

rous Reward, and the solemn Proteftations of his Patient, undertook the Cure, and courageoufly thruft his long Neck down the Villain's Throat. When the Operation was over, the *Crane* reminded him of his repeated Promifes ; but the *Wolf* sternly replied, Are not you an unconfcionable Rascal, to demand a Fee ? Hadn't I your Head between my Teeth, Sirrah, and wasn't I indulgent to you, in fuffering you to take it away without the leaft Damage ?



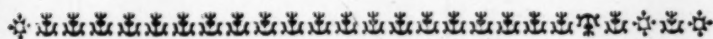
F A B L E II.

No Enemy is fo dangerous as a falfe Friend.

The CROW and the FOX.

THEY who liften with Pleafure to the fulfome Applaufe of fawning Sycophants, are for the moft impofed on, and repent of their Credulity when 'tis too late. A *Crow*, having taken a Piece of Cheefe out of a Farmer's Window, flew with it into a high Tree, in order to eat it : Which a fubtle *Fox* obferving, thus with artful Flattery accofts her. Faireft of *Ravens* ! how delicate white are thy Feathers ! What a fine Shape ! what a graceful Mein ! what killing Eyes are there ! Should your Voice but prove as agreeable as your Perfon, none of all the feather'd Fowls could ftand in Competition with you. The *Crow*, charmed with his Addrefs, like a thoughtlefs, filly Creature, determin'd to oblige him with a Song : In the Attempt, ſhe lets the Cheefe drop out of her Mouth, which *Reynard* chopp'd up in a
Mo

Moment. The *Crow*, confounded and ashamed, fetch'd a deep Sigh at the Thoughts of her own Imprudence. This Fable illustrates the Force of Wit, and the Truth of the Proverb, "That Policy always goes beyond Strength".



F A B L E III.

All isn't Gold that glitters : Or, the Common People
are no good Judges.

The COBLER turn'd PHYSICIAN.

A Bungling *Cobler*, at his Wit's End for a Livelihood, set up for an Adept in Physic in a distant Corporation Town, where his Character was perfectly unknown : With consummate Assurance he expos'd to Sale a worthless Preparation, as an infallible Antidote against the Efforts of the most malignant Poison ; and by a long Harangue of Galenical Cant, gain'd the Custom and Applause of the whole Town. The Mayor, being at that Time dangerously ill, sent for this their favourite Physician in all haste ; and in order to discover the Impostor, in Case he was one, called for a Glass. In this Glass, he poured a small Quantity of Water ; and mixing some Poison, as he pretended, with the Doctor's Antidote, charged him to drink it, and give a Specimen of his Art ; promising, if he survived the Experiment, a Reward equal to his Merit. Then the poor *Cobler* concluding he should certainly die under the Operation, ingenuously confess'd the Truth, that he was no *Physician* ; and that his Reputation was wholly establish'd on the
the

the Ignorance and Credulity of his stupid Patients. Here upon the Mayor summoned all the Townsmen together, and in a general Assembly thus reproved them: Are not you, Gentlemen, very weak and indiscreet, to put your Lives thus in the Hands of an illiterate Fellow, that isn't fit to be trusted with the very Cobling of your Shoes? This is a very just Reflection on all such as are too easily imposed on by impudent Pretenders, who build their Reputations on the Weakness and Folly of their Admirers.



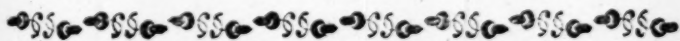
F A B L E IV.

Bite the Biter ; or, give a Man a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*.

The Fox and the STORK.

NEVER wilfully offend any Man : But when you meet with any ill Treatment from others, this Fable will teach you the Art of Retaliation. One Day the *Fox* invited the *Stork* to Dinner ; and to play upon his Guest, provided no manner of Entertainment but a Mess of Soup, served up in a capacious, shallow Dish ; which the *Stork*, though her Appetite was keen enough, could never be the better for. The *Stork* resented the Affront, and willing to be reveng'd, returned the Compliment, and invited the *Fox* to her House ; but set before him no other Entertainment than some minc'd Meat, served up in a narrow-mouth'd Vessel, into which she could

could with Pleasure thrust her long Bill, and fill her Belly; whilst her half-starv'd Guest stood licking the Brim, to no manner of Purpose. At taking their Leave, the *Stork*, they say, with a Smile thus address'd him: Every Man, Mr. *Reynard*, should bear with Patience the ill Treatment he meets with, when he himself is the first Aggressor.



FABLE V.

The covetous Man is his own Executioner.

The DOG, the TREASURE, and the VULTURE.

THIS Fable may very properly be apply'd to all covetous Men in general; and such likewise as affect to be thought Quality, though Men of mean Extract, and meaner Education. A *Dog*, very busily employ'd in scratching up a Grave, found an immense *Treasure*; but forasmuch as he had been guilty of the highest Indignity to the Ashes of the Dead, the infernal Deities infused in his Soul an insatiable Thirst after Riches, as a just Punishment due to such an Act of Impiety. Forever watchful therefore of his darling Gold, he neglected his daily Sustenance, and starv'd himself to Death. A *Vulture* (they say) hovering over his dead Carcase, made this just Reflection on his ill Conduct: Ambitious *Puppy*! with Justice dost thou lie breathless on the Ground! How couldst thou, who was born in the open Street, have the Assurance to grasp at a Treasure worthy the Possession of the greatest Monarch.

FABLE



FABLE VI.

Virtue finds its own Reward.

The LION and the THIEF.

AS a *Lion* was griping a Heifer in his Claws, A *Thief* pass'd by, and insolently demanded a Share. I would comply with your Demands, reply'd the *Lion*, did not you make it your Practice to take your Share without Leave ; and so sent the impudent Fellow about his Business. It happen'd afterwards, that a Traveller, a very modest Man, was going the same Road ; and discerning the Majestic Creature at some Distance before him, immediately stopp'd, and was turning back the Way he came. But the *Lion* prevented him and said, with Goodnature in his Face, you need not be afraid : Take boldly that Share which your Modesty and good Behaviour justly deserve. Whereupon he divided the Spoil into two equal Parts ; then took his own along with him and retired into the Woods, that the Traveller might without any Apprehension of Danger, take Possession of the Remainder. This Example is beautiful, without doubt, and worthy of Commendation ; but in this our corrupt Age, they who are bold and insolent thrive in the World ; whilst those who are modest are poor and disregarded.

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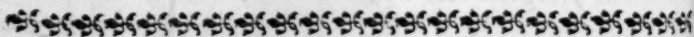
FABLE VII.

A gossiping double-tongued Neighbour often creates a
World of Mischief.

The EAGLE, the CAT, and the SOW.

AN *Eagle* once built her Nest on the Top of an overgrown Oak A *Cat*, having discovered a commodious Hole in the Body of the Tree, kittened in that Apartment. A *Sow*, bred up in the Forest, with a whole Litter of wild Pigs, inhabited the hollow Part at Bottom. But the *Cat*, by her wicked Insinuations, and inveterate Malice, soon broke the Bonds of Friendship between these accidental Neighbours. In the first Place she creeps up, and pays the *Eagle* a Visit. Neighbour, say she, you and I, and all of us, for aught I know, shall be undone here. For that false, perfidious Neighbour of ours, the *Sow*, who studies nothing but Mischief, lies routing at the Foot of the Tree Day after Day, for no other End, but to grub it up; and when she has once brought it to the Ground, to make a Meal of us, and all our young ones. As soon as she had thus alarm'd the *Eagle*, and put her upon the Nettle, away she went, and made a formal Visit to the *Sow* below. Neighbour, says she, your young Ones lie here in perpetual Danger.

ger. For the first Time you and your little ones venture abroad to Mast, the *Eagle* above intends to make a Stoop at them, and rob you of 'em all. After she had thus maliciously raised equal Jealousies on this Side, Mrs. *Firebrand* takes her Leave, and lies snug in her Hole. She went out, however, sily a Nights, without making the least Noise, frisking about here and there, and every where, in quest of Provision for herself and her Kittens; but stood peeping at the Door of her Apartment all the live-long Day, with all the seeming Concern and Circumspection imaginable. The *Eagle*, expecting the Downfal of the Tree every Moment, never stirr'd out, but perched upon the Boughs. The *Sow*, to secure herself from the Insults of the *Eagle*, kept constantly at Home. In short, both they and their young ones, in a little Time, were all starved; and the treacherous *Cat* and her Kittens regaled themselves for a long Time upon the Spoil. The too Credulous may learn from hence, the fatal Consequences that attend those who listen to the malicious Stories of a double-tongued Neighbour.



F A B L E VIII.

Too much of one Thing is good for nothing.

CÆSAR and the SLAVE.

THERE are in *Rome* a certain Set of Men, who are over-officious, ever active and busy, without having any Thing to do; who put themselves out of breath in pursuit of Trifles, take abundance of Pains, but

but to no Purpose ; and fatigue themselves incessantly, only to be troublesome and impertinent. These are the Gentlemen that I would gladly expose, if I could possibly, by the Relation of the following Story ; which I know to be true, and, therefore, worth the Reader's Attention. As TIBERIUS CÆSAR was on a Progress to *Naples*, he put in at a Seat he had at *Misenum*, which was built there by *Lucullus*, and had a Prospect of the *Sicilian* and *Tuscan* Seas. And as the Prince was walking in his fine Garden, one of his Domestic *Slaves*, a spruce Young Fellow, having his Gown tuck'd up to his Shoulders, with an *Egyptian* linnen Scarf, the Plaits of which hung down his Back, began immediately to sprinkle the Ground with a small Watering-Pot, in hopes to oblige his Master, and be taken Notice of, for his extraordinary Services : But TIBERIUS smil'd at his Impertinence. He never ceased giving new Proofs of his Activity : He ran through private Alleys and Turnings from one Walk to another, with all which he was perfectly well acquainted ; so that where-ever CÆSAR went, there was the *Slave* to lay the Dust. The Emperor took Notice of the Fellow, and saw his Drift. As the *Slave* was hugging himself up with the Hopes that this boded him some good, Hark ye, Friend, says TIBERIUS ! Come hither. Whereupon the *Slave* with Transport ran up to him, imagining the Emperor would have given him a Box of the Ear ; and, according to Custom, his Liberty along with it. But his Imperial Majesty being disposed to be merry, told him ; You have mis'd your Aim, and might as well have sav'd yourself the Trouble : For I can't afford a Box of the Ear, at the poor Price you bid for it.

T

FABLE



FABLE IX.

We are the Work of God's Hands, and not our own.

The LAME MAN, and a SAWCY FELLOW.

A *Sawcy Fellow* had once a warm Debate with a *Cripple*, and upbraided him at last (after a thousand hard Names and other vulgar Reflections) with his gouty Legs. Why, look you, says the *lame Man*, now you have touch'd me on the tender Part indeed; for it provokes me sorely, to see I can't keep Pace with you. But are not you a Fool, to rail at my natural Imperfections? Know, no Misfortune is the Object of Ridicule, but that which is the Result of a Man's own Imprudence.



FABLE



FABLE X.

Give not rashly your Attention to any Reports, but especially to those of an Informer.

A TRAGEDY acted in the Reign of AUGUSTUS.

TIS equally dangerous to be too easy and credulous, and too careless and inquisious. I'll give you an Instance, in a few Words, of the Ill Consequence that attends both. HIPPOLITUS lost his Life, by the Credit that was given to the false Stories of his Step-Mother. Troy was laid in Ashes, because no-body would hearken to the good Counsel of CASSANDRA. We ought therefore strictly to examine the Truth of Things beforehand, in order not to take false Impressions, and blind our Judgment, through Prejudice and Prepossession. But not to weaken the Force of this Maxim by insisting too long on the Fictions of the Antients, I shall relate an unhappy Adventure, the Truth of which myself am able to attest. A Gentleman who was very fond of his Wife, and had a hopeful Son by her, about seventeen Years of Age, had a Servant whom he had made free; who, in Hopes of inheriting his Master's Estate, took him aside; and, with Intent to abuse him, trump'd up a thousand Lies about his Son; and insinuated, that his Mistress, who was a very virtuous Lady,

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was

was one of the falsest of her Sex ; adding moreover, (what he very well knew would aggravate the Rage of an uxorious Man) that his fair Inconstant frequently entertain'd a Gallant in his Absence; and by her Criminal Conversation with him, highly dishonoured both him and his Family. The Husband, transported with Rage at his Wife's imaginary Guilt, pretended to take a Journey to his Country Seat, but stay'd privately in Town. Night comes on ; he enters the House without giving the least Notice, and runs directly to his Wife's Apartment, where the innocent indulgent Mother had ordered her Son to lodge, that, as he was a forward Youth, she might have a stricter Eye over him, and be Witness to his Conduct. As the Servants were hunting for a Light, and all the Family was in Confusion, the unhappy Father, unable any longer to curb his unruly Passion, flew to the Bed-side, and with his Hands examines every Corner of it in the Dark. Finding a Man's Head, as he conjectured by the Shortness of the Hair, he ran his Sword at once through the Body ; thinking of nothing but the Gratification of his Revenge, and an ample Satisfaction for his imaginary Wrongs. But as soon as a Candle was brought, he perceiv'd his Son now weltering in his Blood, on one Side, and his virtuous Wife on the other ; who, being in her first Sleep, heard nothing of all this tragical Adventure. Conscious immediately of the barbarous and inhuman Murder he had committed, he revenged it on himself, and fell upon the same Sword which ill-grounded Jealousy had provok'd him to draw against his own Son. The Informers indicted the poor Woman, and brought her before the Bench of a Hundred Judges then sitting at *Rome*. There was strong presumptive Evidence against her ; and tho' innocent, they charged

ged her with the Commission of the Bloody Fact, with a View of becoming sole Mistress of her Husband's Estate. Her Council strenuously defended her Cause, and pleaded, *Not Guilty*. The Judges, being at a Loss absolutely to determine so important and intricate an Affair, made their Applications to the Emperor AUGUSTUS, beseeching his Imperial Majesty to indulge them, and determine the Cause himself. As soon as the Emperor had div'd into the Merits of the Cause, and set Matters in a fair Light, he gave this definitive Sentence; That the Freedman who was the sole Author of all the Mischief, should suffer the utmost Rigour of the Law. As for this unhappy Lady, who has lost not only her Son, but Husband too, she is, in my Opinion, rather the Object of your Pity, than your Censure. For had her jealous Husband been cool enough to have searched into this dark Scene of Scandal and Detraction, and to have sifted this abominable Plot against his Wife to the Bottom, this dismal Tragedy had never been acted. Don't despise, therefore an Information that is given you; but don't be so credulous as to take it too hastily upon Trust: For it very often happens, that they are guilty, whom you least suspect; and they are innocent, who are maliciously and openly accus'd. This Tragical Story may serve likewise for an instructive Lesson to such Men as are naturally easy, and too apt to rely upon every plausible Story told them by their Neighbours. For most People act with private Views, and set Matters in such a Light, as best suits with their Malice or Advantage. That Man is best known to you, with whom you have a personal Acquaintance. I have told this tragical Story after a more prolix Manner than generally I do, to oblige such Readers as are offended at my Fables for being too sho-



F A B L E XI.

The DRAGON and the FOXES.

ONCE on a Time a *Dragon* sat brooding over an immense Treasure, and to secure it, never clos'd his Eyes to Rest. Two *Foxes*, well vers'd in every sly mercurial Art, insinuated themselves into his Favour by fulsome Flattery and genteel Address. He entertain'd 'em as his Friends and Confidants. *We ought always to be jealous of Men's forward Protections: An artful Complaisance too often flows from a perfidious Heart.* They pay their Court to him as to a King, applaud all his Schemes tho' never so ridiculous, give into his Sentiments, tho' most apparently unjust, and knowing his Foible, turn and wind him at their Pleasure. In full Confidence of these two Bosom-friends, he ventur'd to take an Hour's Repose; but as soon as the credulous Fool fell fast asleep, they strangled him, and seiz'd the glorious Prize. Their next Business was to divide the Plunder fairly between them: An Affair not easily accomplish'd; for Villains seldom can agree in any Point but the bare Execution of their Crimes.

One of these Hypocrites put on a Philosophick Air. Brother, says he, of what Service is all this Hoard of Gold to us? A Hare or a Rabbit had been a better Booty.

These

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These same Guineas will make but a poor Meal. We have not Stomachs, like the *Ostrich*, to digest them. What Fools Men are to make this Gold their God? Brother, let us be wiser. The other reply'd, your Observations are strictly just, Brother, and I'll assure you they have made a Convert of me: I am now fully convinced that the *Philosopher's* the happy Man, and for the future, like *Bias* of old, I'll carry all I have about me.

Both pretended with Pleasure to depart from their ill-gotten, worthless Treasure; both lay in Ambuscade, but met again, and conscious of their mutual Guilt, destroyed each other. One, as he lay expiring, thus address'd his dying Partner: What would you have done with all that Gold, had you succeeded? The same, reply'd the other, as you propos'd, had Fortune favour'd you.

By Accident a Passenger pass'd by, and enquiring into the fatal Cause of their Disaster, declar'd they were both Fools. Fools as we are, says one of them, you Men are just the same. Gold's no more Food for you than us, and yet you'll cut your Brother's Throat for Gain. Before this unhappy Accident, our prudent Race despis'd the fatal Charm. That which you introduc'd at first for the Conveniency of Life, is now become its greatest Torment. You fly true Felicity, in search after an imaginary Good.

FABLE



FABLE XII.

The WOLF and the LAMB.

A Flock of Sheep were safely grazing in an enclosed Meadow. The Dogs were all asleep, and their Master with some Fellow-Swains, sat playing on their tuneful Pipes beneath a shady Elm. A *Wolf*, with Hunger pinch'd, peep'd thro' the Hedge, and with a wishful Eye survey'd the Flock. An unexperienc'd, thoughtless Lamb approach'd him. What, Sir, said he, to the voracious Stranger, is it you want within our Pasture? To taste your tender flow'ry Grass, reply'd the *Wolf*. What can be more delicious than to graze as you do on the verdant Meads, ennamell'd round with Flowers, and slake one's Thirst in the transparent Rills? Here I perceive you live in perfect Plenty. For my Part, my Ambition would rise no higher; I've learn'd by the philosophick Rules to live contented with a little. Say you so, said the *Lamb*, have you no Appetite for Flesh, and will a little Grass suffice you? I find you have been misrepresented; let us live sociably, and graze together. Immediately the *Lamb* leaps o'er the Fence: As soon the grave Philosopher turns Tyrant, and tears him Limb from Limb. Always suspect the Sincerity of such as with study'd Expressions applaud their own Virtues. Eloquence may betray you. Let Actions speak the Man.

FABLE



FABLE XIII.

The MICIAN TRAVELLERS.

A *Mouse* that liv'd forever restless and uneasy, forever tormented with frightful Apprehensions of the *Cat*, and her destructive Party, one Day call'd to a Bosom-Friend who lodg'd within a Hole contiguous to her own, and thus address'd her. Neighbour, said she, I have a Project in my Head. As I was at Break-fast one Morning in a curious Library, I turn'd over a certain Book of Travels, and cast my Eye on a very remarkable Passage. There is a beautiful Country, says my Author, call'd the *Indies*, where the *Mician Race* are treated with much more Humanity, and live much freer from Insults and Oppression than those in *England*. In that Country 'tis the receiv'd Opinion of the *Sopbi*, that the Soul of a *Mouse* may possibly have been the Soul of a Minister of State, an Archbishop, or a King; and afterwards, by Transmigration, animated some superior Beauty, some Lady of the first Distinction. To the best of my Remembrance, he calls this the *Metempsychosis*. This being an establish'd Notion amongst them, they treat every Species of the brutal World with abundance of Indulgence and Good-will. Hospitals are there erected for the Reception of the *Mician Race*: They have an annual Pension, and a Table allow'd them
like

like Persons of Distinction. Let us try our Fortune, Neighbour ; set sail for these happy Islands, where their Laws are so refin'd, and Merit meets with such a due Regard. But Neighbour, reply'd her Companion, are there no *Cats* in those Hospitals you speak of ? But if there should, I fancy that same *Metempsychosis*, as you call it, would be a Practice much in Vogue there, and by some unlucky Squeeze or another, we soon should change our Forms, and become *Heroes* and *Monarchs*, perhaps against our Inclinations. Never fear, says the first, they are strictly regular in all their Oeconomy : The *Cats* have their separate Apartments, as we have ours : They have another Hospital of Invalids erected, at a proper Distance. This important Objection thus remov'd, our two *Mice* determin'd on their Voyage, and by the Help of a Cable which was lash'd to the Shore, got on Board a Vessel, the Night before they weigh'd Anchor, bound for the *Indian Coast*. Away they sail ; the Winds prove propitious ; with Transport they traverse the Ocean, and take their Farewel of an Island where *Cats* rule with such tyrannick Sway. They had a safe and speedy Passage. They landed at *Surat*, not like the Merchants, with a View of the advantageous Commerce, but in Hopes to find a courteous Reception from the Natives. No sooner were they settled as they propos'd in one of the *Mician* Apartments, but they proudly assum'd a Superiority over the Rest, and laid Claim to the best Places in the House. The first pretended she had been a celebrated *Bramin* on the Coast of *Malabar*. The other insisted that she had been a celebrated *Toast* there, and admir'd for her Ears, that almost touch'd the Ground. In short, they were both so-fawcy and imperious, that the *Indian Mice* no longer would endure their

their Pride and Insolence. A Civil War immediately ensu'd. They unanimously oppos'd these two tyrannical Upstarts. Instead of becoming a Prey to their common Foe the *Cat*, they fell a bloody Sacrifice to the Resentment of their own Fraternity. 'Tis to little Purpose to fly for Refuge into Foreign Countries: Without a modest and prudent Deportment, we only take a deal of Pains to be unhappy: Misfortunes can but attend us nearer Home.



F A B L E XIV.

The MONKEY.

AN arch old *Monkey* having departed this Life, his Ghost descended to the Infernal Regions, and there petition'd *Pluto* for his Indulgence to return to Earth. The God consented he should animate the dull inactive *Ass*, to cure him of his thousand little sprightly fly unlucky Pranks. But the gay comick Ghost perform'd his wanton Fopperies with such Success before him, that the grim Monarch laughed aloud, and granted what he ask'd without Restriction. With your Majesty's Permission then, I'll now inform the *Parrot*. By this Transmigration, said he, I shall at least retain some faint Resemblance of Mankind, whose Actions I so long have copy'd. When a *Monkey*, their Gestures were the Objects of my Imitation; when a *Parrot*, I shall mimick their Discourse.

No sooner had the *Monkey's* Soul inform'd the *Parrot*, but a silly, tattling, superannuated Lady purchas'd him. He was the Darling of her Heart, and honour'd with a
curious

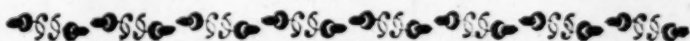
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curious Cage. He far'd sumptuously every Day, and prattled all Day long with the old Dotard, whose Discourse was as nonsensical as his. To this new noisy Faculty he subjoin'd *I know not what* of his old little Affectations. His Head was in perpetual Motion ; his Bill crack'd ; his Wings flutter'd, and his Feet were thrown into a thousand ridiculous Postures ; his old Mistress would, ever and anon, cock her Spectacles upon her Nose to peer at her favourite Bird. She would often lament that her Ears were somewhat defective, by which Misfortune she too often lost the Beauty of poor *Poll's* Expressions, which she imagin'd were ever witty and refin'd. The *Parrot*, by this excessive Indulgence, grew loud, impertinent and foolish. In short, he was so restless, so wanton in his Cage, and sipp'd Cordial Waters so plentifully with his old Lady, that once more he dy'd.

His Ghost making now it's second Appearance before the Throne of *Pluto*, the God resolving to tongue-tye him forever, doom'd him to animate a Fish. But when the gloomy Monarch saw again his comical Grimaces, he revok'd the Sentence. Princes too often favour Fools and Parasites. The Ghost a second Time's indulg'd, and suffered to inform a Man. But, as the God had some Regard for Virtue, he carefully confin'd him to the Body of a noisy, impertinent Tongue-Pad ; a Fellow, that was forever venting improbable Stories ; a self-conceited Coxcomb ; an unnatural Mimick ; a snarling injudicious Critick ; one, in short, that would interrupt the most refin'd Conversation, to hear himself talk, and introduce his own nonsensical Discourse.

Mercury, who recollected him, tho' so disguis'd, thus with a Smile address'd him. Thou Fool, I know thee well enough. I've seen thee long 'ere now. Thou
worth-

Thou worthless Compound of the *Ape* and *Parrot*! Take but away thy antick Gestures, and a few hard Terms which thou hast learn'd by rote, but can'st not understand, and thou hast nothing left. A pretty *Parrot*, and sprightly *Monkey*, when compounded, make but one silly Coxcomb. Alas! what Numbers are there in the Town, who, by their artful Cringes, study'd Addresses, and gay Court-like Airs, without one Grain of Wisdom, are caress'd, and thought Men of vast Importance.



FABLE XV.

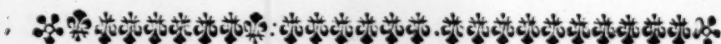
The BEE and the FLY.

ONE Day a *Bee* observ'd a *Fly* that settled, as she thought, too near her Hive. In an imperious Tone she cry'd, What is thy Business? How durst thou, sawcy Thing, approach us Regents of the Air? The *Fly* ironically, with a Smile, reply'd, Amazing Insolence! Wonderful Presumption truly! How groundless is your Resentment? You are a Race of such peevish, ill-natur'd, unsociable Creatures, that none but Fools would e'er regard you. No Nation under the Sun, reply'd the *Bee*, has that good Conduct and Oeconomy, as we have. Our Laws are all peculiar to our selves, and our Republick is the Wonder of the World. Sweet Flowers, collected from the Bosom of the Spring, are all our Food. We trade in nothing but Celestial Honey, a Liquor delicious as the Nectar of the Gods. Out of my Sight, thou sawcy, worthless

U

Wretch

Wretch, whose every Meal's offensive. The *Fly* reply'd,
 we make our Lives as easy as we can : Adversity's no
 Crime ,tho' Passion is. Your Honey, I allow, is to Perfection
 pure ; but your proud Hearts are all polluted. Your Laws
 with Justice all admire. But then your Constitu-
 tions are too warm : You all take Fire too soon.
 You'll sacrifice your Lives, to gratify the least Resent-
 ment. 'Tis better to be modest and good-natur'd, than
 haughty and imperious, and have so nice a Taste for
 meer Punctilios.



F A B L E XVI.

The ambitious OWL.

A Young Owl, who, *Narcissus*-like, had survey'd
 himself with Pleasure in a chrystal Stream, and
 thought himself not only fairer than the Light, (for *Phæbus*
 is no Deity of his) but fair as Night herself, his favou-
 rite Goddess, thus began his proud Soliloquy. How
 often have I offer'd Incense to the Graces ? When I was
 born, fair *Cytharea* dress'd me in her *Cestus*. Young smi-
 ling *Cupids* fan their wanton Wings around me. I'm
 now of Age : *Hymen* shall bless me with a numerous Issue,
 beauteous as myself. They shall in Time become the
 Glory of the Groves, the Darlings of the Night. O !
 should the Race of *Owls* be once extinct, the Loss would
 be irreparable. Thrice happy must that Fair-one be,
 that shall be circled in my Arms.

Fired with these self-conceited Thoughts, he sends the
Crow to the dread Monarch of the Birds, with bold
 Proposals of a Match between himself and his fair Daugh-
 ter,

ter, the young Royal *Eaglet*. Fain would the *Crow* have been excus'd from this Commission, What Reception can I expect, said she, in the Proposal of a Match so visibly unequal? How can you imagine that the *Eaglet*, who can, unhurt, gaze stedfast on the Sun, should wed with you, whose tender Eyes can't bear the Dawn of Day? Light and Darkneſs never can agree. You'd live forever in a State of Separation. The ſelf-conceited *Owl* was deaf to all Advice. The *Crow*, to ſooth his Vanity, comply'd at laſt, and made the Propoſition. They ſmil'd at the ridiculous Requeſt. However, the Monarch answer'd, If your Maſter is ambitious of my Favour, let him meet me in the Regions of the Air To morrow, about Mid-Day.

The proud ambitious Fool attempts the Flight. All on a ſudden, a dim Suffuſion veil'd his Eyes. Unable to endure the radiant Light, downwards he ſunk upon a Rock. All the feather'd Race purſu'd, and ſtrip'd him of his Plumes. A Cavern now he finds his greateſt Happineſs, and he reſolves to wed an *Owl*, an humble Tenant of the Rock. The Nuptials were conſummated at Night, and, as they both were blind, they thought each other fair. Pride will have it's Fall. We ſhou'dn't aim to ſhine in Spheres above us.



F A B L E XVII.

The MISER and PLUTUS.

THE *Miser* starts, and trembling stares,
 Wak'd with imaginary Fears.
 Soon Qualms arise ; with anxious Pain
 He thinks on his ill-gotten Gain.
 For thee, he cries, accursed Gold,
 My Honour's lost, my Virtue sold.—
Plutus appears.—Why thus abus'd ?
 Thus curst ? Thus falsely, Sir, accus'd ?
 “ Know, Riches on the Good bestow'd,
 “ Are Blessings worthy of a God.



F A B L E



F A B L E XVIII.

The LADY *and the* WASP.

AS CHLOE, with affected Air,
Sat lolling in her Easy-Chair,
An amorous *Wasp* around her flew,
Perch'd on her Lip, and sipt the Dew.
She frowns, she frets.—He makes Reply,
With Love I burn, I rage, I die.——
She smiles, forgives :—He claps his Wings :
But soon she finds that *Wasps* have Stings.——
“ Ladies, that are with Coxcombs great,
“ Mourn their ill Conduct soon or late.



F A B L E



F A B L E XIX.

The SICK-MAN and the ANGEL.

ARE there no Hopes, the *Patient* cries?
 The *Doctor* turns away, and sighs.—
 The dying *Miser* looks aghâst;
 With Shame reviews his Actions past;
 But thinks his *Will* may make amends,
 And on his *Pious Gifts* depends.—
 An *Angel* came and frowning said,
 Give what thou hast before thou'rt dead.—
 Why in such haste?—I've made my *Will*.—
 Perhaps I may recover still.—
 “Thou *Fool*! thy *Will*! Thy *Hopes* are vain,
 “Die and despair.—Thy *Heav'n* was *Gain*.

F A B L E



FABLE XX.

The SHEPHERD and the PHILOSOPHER.

LONG liv'd the Swain in high Renown
For Wisdom, far remote from Town.
Say, cry'd an hoary *Sage*, from whence
Thy Judgment and superior Sense?
Hast thou with Books familiar been?
Or hast thou studied Arts, or Men?
With modest Air the Swain reply'd,
Nature alone has been my Guide.
" Her Laws alone, if well pursu'd,
" Will make Men wise, as well as good.



FABLE



FABLE XXI.

The PERSIAN, the SUN, and the CLOUD.

AS on the Ground a *Persian* lay
 Prostrate before the *God of Day*,
 He pray'd.—“ Bright Beam, thy Servant blest,
 “ And crown his Labours with Success.
 With Envy swell'd, an impious *Cloud*
 Reprov'd the *Man*, blasphem'd the *God*.
 ‘ Vain fleeting *Form* ! the *Persian* cry'd,
 “ Thy *God* adore.—Restrain thy Pride.—
 “ See ! with new Beams he gilds the Skies !
 “ Thus *Merit* shines, and *Envy* dies.



FABLE



F A B L E XXII.

The UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

AS a young *Rake* repentant fate,
Deploring his unhappy Fate,
The *Phantom Care* thus spoke :—" Be wise,
" And Health above thy Pleasure prize.—
Thé *Youth* reforms, resolves to find
(His Health restor'd) true Peace of Mind ;
He seeks the *Court*, the *Camp*, the *Plain*,
To fly from *Care* ; but all in vain.——
" This World is like a troubled Sea ;
" No State of Life's from Sorrow free.



F A B L E



FABLE XXIII.

The FARMER and JUPITER.

THE *Man* to *Jove* did thus apply.
 O give me Heirs, or else I die!—
 Three Years roll round.—Two hopeful Boys,
 And a young Girl, reward his Joys.—
 Once more he cry'd, approve my Pray'r.—
 Let them be wealthy, great, and fair.—
Jove nods Assent; and soon the first
 Grows rich, but is with Av'rice curst.
 The next attains the Height of Place,
 But falls the Victim of Disgrace.
 The Girl is blest with sparkling Eyes,
 But proud, a Virgin lives and dies.
 When *Jove* the Father's Grief survey'd,
 And heard him rail at Heav'n, he said;
 " Seek Virtue ;—and of that possess,
 " Henceforth to Me resign the rest.

FABLE



FABLE XXIV.

The POET and the ROSE.

A *Poet* once, well pleas'd, survey'd
 A beauteous *Rose*, and sighing said;
 To *Chloe's* whiter Breast repair,
 Thou'lt find more fragrant Odours there;
 Her Charms will thine, fair Flow'r, outvie,
 And thou'lt with Envy gaze and die.
 A Sister *Rose* soon Silence broke,
 And frowning, thus the *Bard* bespoke.
 Tho' *Chloe* when you sigh looks gay,
 And throws you like a Weed away,
 Why must we languish and decay?
 " With Justice we the Man despise,
 " Who by another's Fall would rise.

3





F A B L E XXV.

The TAME STAG.

A *Stag* caught young, and tamely bred,
 Bashful at first, each Creature fled;
 But bolder grown, he dauntless stands,
 And takes his Food from any Hands;
 Whene'er repuls'd, with high Disdain,
 And levell'd Horns, he turns again:
 So the coy *Maid* her Lover flies,
 Or stands at first with down-cast Eyes;
 But in a while she boasts her Flame:
 "For Custom conquers Fear and Shame."

F I N I S,



